JOHN BULL, AUGUST 13, 1932

A GOOD MAN GOES TO JAIL SEE PAGES 16 & 17

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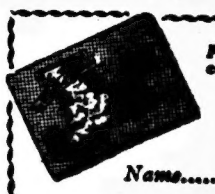

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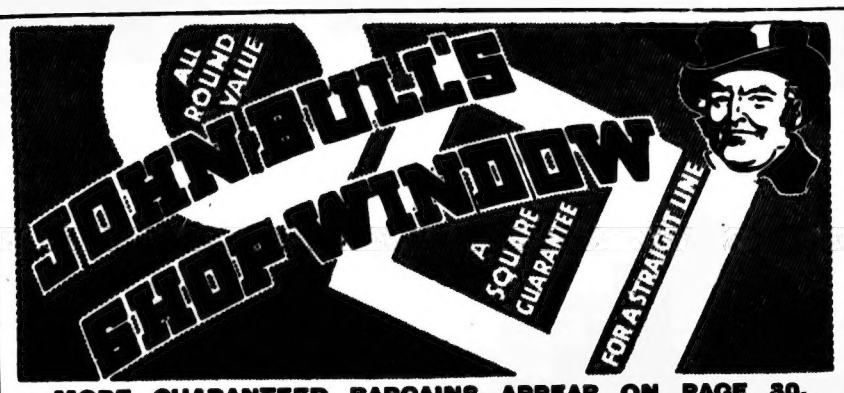

MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 30.

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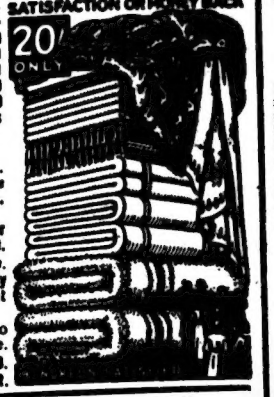

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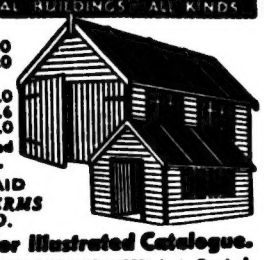

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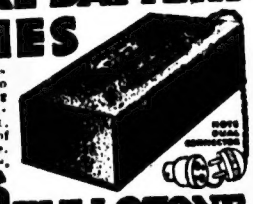

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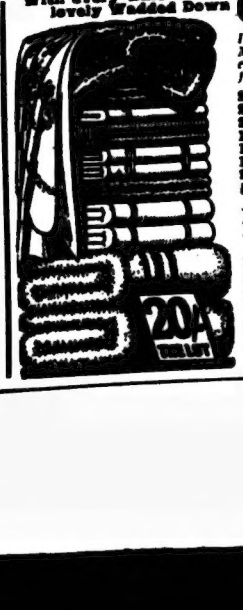

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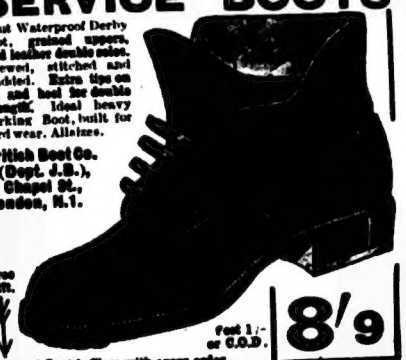

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SAILORS DO CARE!

Jack's farewell is tinged with anxiety for he cannot tell what Fate may have in store for the wife he leaves behind

DON'T believe it—sailors *do* care.

We sometimes think they don't, when we see them just as Jolly Jack Tars "showing the Fleet," as they have just been doing during Navy Week.

Then they are at their happiest for a grand occasion. Their troubles are forgotten. There is not a long face among them.

But don't let us be deceived by that into regarding Jack as a happy-go-lucky fellow from whom human anxieties slip readily like water off a duck's back.

We should appreciate that sailors have hard as well as jolly times as part of a fighting machine in which there is little or no room for sentiment.

Without Fear or Favour

We should understand why, if hoping for the best, they are ready to brave the worst, when, for instance, that formal official announcement headed "Movements of Ships" goes up every day at the Admiralty building in Whitehall.

That bald announcement reads something like this:

"*Hankow. Kent left for Wuhu. Chefoo. Hermes left for Wei Hai Wei. Amoy. Sandwich arrived. Bridgewater left for Shanghai. Malta —destroyer flotilla left for Singapore.*"

SUCH statements are made each day for purposes of record. There is no fuss or flourish. Just such-and-such a ship arrived at or left such-and-such a port. That is all it means to the civilian reader.

But it means much more than that to the sailors and their women-folk. As often as not, behind it lie pathetic tales of hardship, of newly-made homes broken up in despair.

When a ship is ordered from Devonport or Portsmouth to the China station she may be away for two years. The sailor turns his back on England, and his wife is left to live in their little dockyard home—*alone*, or with the baby he may never have seen, nor will see for a couple of years, if it happened not to have been born before "Movements of Ships" sent him to foreign parts.

Sometimes the fate of the wife who is left behind is filled with greater pathos and unexpected hardship even than this. Such was the case not long ago when there was trouble in China.

Reinforcement of our naval strength in the Far East was then an urgent necessity, and a destroyer flotilla was ordered to proceed to the China seas from the Mediterranean at literally an hour's notice.

A DECISION was made in the Cabinet room of No. 10, Downing Street. In a minute or two the wireless of the Admiralty was in touch with the Admiral at Malta: "The —— destroyer flotilla to proceed to Hong Kong and Shanghai *at once*."

In a few minutes the harbour of Valetta buzzed with activity. Signals flashed from ship to ship. Steam was raised. The ships put to sea.

In that brief space of time officers and men had said "Good-bye" to their wives and children and left them behind on the waterside of Valetta —more than a thousand miles from home.

Yet the destroyer flotilla had been stationed so long at Malta that it seemed a fixture. Many of the officers and men had taken their wives and children out from England, and had established them in temporary homes in Valetta. Some of the women had babies born there; others were soon to become mothers.

We do not blame the Admiralty. And it was certainly hard luck on the officers and men that their wives and families were left in such a predicament.

Naturally the married men wanted to have their wives and children with them.

They had taken them out to Malta knowing full well that they must pay their passage money home again when the need arose. They were well aware that the Admiralty provides no transport for such eventualities.

BUT we think it good neither for the Navy nor for its prestige abroad that scores of women and children should be left stranded far from home, most of them almost penniless, as they were on this occasion.

In fact, so great was the distress of many of them on this particular occasion at Malta that local residents and the wives of the more fortunate officers and men subscribed to pay the transport of the luckless families back to this country.

It is a great pity charity had to come to their aid—a pity that some better means of relief could not have been devised.

But every sailor knows that the fateful order, "At a moment's notice," is part of his job. And every sailor's wife knows it, too.

"Mrs. Jack" always has known it. Yet in spite of it, she married and stood by him in the old days, when he was a hard-drinking, hard-swearing fellow, returning home with his belongings in a red handkerchief and a parrot perched on his shoulder.

She does the same thing to-day, and happily with more reason, for now he is a finer type of man than ever he was.

We take off our hats to him and to her for showing the brave front they do to the anxieties and distress that so often attend "Movements of Ships." There is a courage in this as fine in its way as the courage with which Jack is always ready to risk his life in the service of his King and country.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Seaside Boarding Houses as Drink Clubs

M.P.s Who Shirk their Job

Disabled for 8d. a Day

AT the seaside they have discovered a new way to evade the licensing laws.

Seaside towns have to fight tooth and nail for a mere half hour's extension of drinking hours. Very often they cannot get even that.

Yet visitors have only to cross the street from a public house to one of the new boarding-house "clubs" to get a drink after regular hours.

Drink as you please

All a boarding-house proprietor has to do is to apply to the local authorities for a club licence, for which he pays five shillings as a registration fee.

He then sets aside one room for the use of the "club," where drinks may be served after public-house hours.

Outside members

These "clubs" would not be a bad thing for the seaside if restricted to guests staying at the boarding-houses. But in many instances they are not.

Outsiders are freely becoming "members" solely for the purpose of drinking after regular hours.

The boarding-house "club" seems to us to be fraught with dangerous possibilities.

The boarding-house "club" seems to be fraught with dangerous possibilities

We stir them up

We live in stirring times of—Economy.

For the taxpayer this means he must bestir himself to work still harder to meet the heavier demands made upon his patriotism and his purse.

For a large number of the men who impose these extra burdens upon him it means economy in the matter of work.

Truant M.P.s

Some M.P.s, we know, work as hard as anybody else, but more than half of them were absent from fifty per cent. of last session's sittings.

And they got full pay just the same.

Anyhow, let's hope their holidays will brace them up to show a better record of attendances when they eventually get back to the House.

On the carpet

There's trouble at the Colonial Office.

High officials have found themselves in hot water following Mr. Justice Maugham's enquiry into the North Charterland case

Threats were made that the title to this colonial company's land would be challenged unless Whitehall's impertinent demands were agreed upon. Yet, as the Judge disclosed, official documents proved that the company's title was unchallengeable.

When Parliament reassembles, more will be heard of the Colonial Office's attempt to use the big stick.

Magnificent!

The country has done its bit—and a bit more.

The Premier says there has been a "magnificent response" to the War Loan Conversion scheme. There have been other magnificent responses to similar appeals during the past year.

Now it's the Government's turn to show itself "magnificent" in the eyes of the hard-pressed taxpayer.

New Irish danger

Mr. de Valera has his hands full we know, but he ought to find time to deal with Communists who are setting up "councils of action" and threatening a violent attack on him if he compromises on an agreement with Great Britain.

He should act quickly—before they make his job more difficult than it already is.

Dying doctor scandal

The Home Secretary must consider carefully the case of the late Dr. Hedley Gascoyne, of Manchester, who was charged with being drunk while in charge of a car.

His solicitors applied for an adjournment because he was ill. But in vain.

He was brought from hospital in a taxi, carried into court, and two and a half hours later he was carried back to the cab.

He died a few hours afterwards.

Sick persons are usually treated with every consideration by our magistrates. Why wasn't Dr. Gascoyne?

Disabled

The worst War pension injustices are those of ex-soldiers who get the mere pittance of eightpence a day for service and disability combined.

And there are several thousands of them.

The cost of living is much higher than in the early days of the War, when many of these pensions were granted. But the pensions have never been increased.

Perhaps the Minister of Pensions will explain why.

Still waiting

The Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance has been at work for eighteen months. But we're still awaiting its final report.

Isn't eighteen months long enough for the members to make up their minds? Or is it true that they can't agree?

Anyhow, if they don't make up their minds quickly, their report will be out of date, for conditions affecting unemployment are changing so rapidly.

Mass rescue

Gallant rescues of drowning people have become so frequent as to be taken almost as a matter of course.

But the feat of Inspector Fisher, of the Portsmouth police, must not pass unremarked.

A little girl got out of her depth. Her sister and four men who went to help her also fell into difficulties.

The inspector promptly rescued the two girls, and then, aided by a constable, brought the four men out—a wonderful piece of work.

Greatheart in blue

We should like to meet P.C. 544F. He must be a sound fellow.

It was his duty to give evidence at Marylebone, London, against a seventy-four-year-old widow who was charged with begging.

"I was right down sorry for the poor old lady," said the constable. "She has a pension of 10s. a week, out of which she has to pay 6s. rent for her room so that she has only 4s. a week on which to live."

Good luck to Mr. Bingley, the magistrate, who dismissed the case, and good luck to P.C. 544F.

No chance for him

A Chester boy of fifteen broke into a garage

Yet, apart from this lapse, his father said he was a lad of good character, and after his mother's death had looked after the house and a four-year-old child.

The magistrates sent him to a reformatory for three years. Have they ever heard that first offenders can be given another chance?

Honesty

Last week we told how a newsboy who found £102 was rewarded with five shillings.

Now a Hounslow dealer, who had not a penny or a crust in his house, has found £297 and been rewarded with £5.

No, there's nothing wrong with the honesty of the ordinary citizen.

Cad

Leonard Charles Foden is a young Birmingham man.

His name is worth putting on record—as that of an utter scamp.

When he was down and out in a Devon casual ward, a clergyman found him a job and lent him his bicycle. Foden promptly disappeared.

When arrested, he admitted pawning a watch borrowed from a nurse at the poor law institution, and stealing a lamp from a youth.

He has been rewarded with six months' hard labour—not a whit too much.

Wicked and cruel

Hire purchase is a necessity and a boon, and very few hire purchase firms abuse the system.

But an East London carpenter who was one monthly instalment in arrear on goods he had obtained had a nasty surprise.

A man employed by the hire-purchase company tried to pick the lock of one of his rooms, and the company threatened to call on his employers.

A judge stigmatised these methods as "harsh and uncivilised," and said the threat to tell the man's employer was "wicked and cruel."

We agree.

Never say die

Some out-of-work Merseyside youths have bought old bicycles for a few shillings and are touring the country seeking odd jobs at farms.

They started strawberry picking on the Welsh borders, then went currant picking in the Wirral.

"Better than the dole," said one of them. Well said!

"Just a p.c.—"

A postcard sent twenty years ago to a man who died fourteen years ago was delivered the other day at the address in Brigg, Lincolnshire, which he bore.

In 1910 the postcard postage rate was only a halfpenny and this card had a stamp of that value.

While it has been in transit or storage for two decades the rate has doubled. So the funny men of the Post Office decree that a penny excess postage must be paid before the postcard could be handed over.

Can you cap that?

After dark

Night revellers at Letchworth, Herts, need to know their own houses very thoroughly. It has been found that one key fits the front-door locks of 110 houses in one road alone!

No wonder Lord Trenchard blames the increase in burglary to the ease with which houses can be entered.

Is *your* lock safe?

Can you?

The Droitwich magistrates couldn't "imagine anything more callous" than the conduct of a motorist named Parker.

Nor can we.

He crashed into a motor-cycle, and, though warned by his passenger of the accident, drove on without rendering assistance to the cyclist, who lost a leg.

The magistrates fined him and endorsed his licence. We can imagine a better penalty for conduct like this.

Badgers and bounders

Two men set a trap at Fleet Hill, Finchampstead. They were after badgers.

The trap was three feet wide and had big spiked jaws.

A spaniel was caught in it and the men were fined £1 each and a guinea costs for causing unnecessary suffering.

They richly deserved more punishment than they received.

Other towns, please note

Barking Council has set a fine example to other local authorities.

The period of rent-free allotments for local unemployed is to be extended from three months to a year.

This is the right way to help the poor fellows who cannot get jobs. It gives them the first thing they want—the chance to provide food for their families by their own effort.

Nobody will grudge the extra fraction of a penny on the rates. So let other councils please copy Barking.

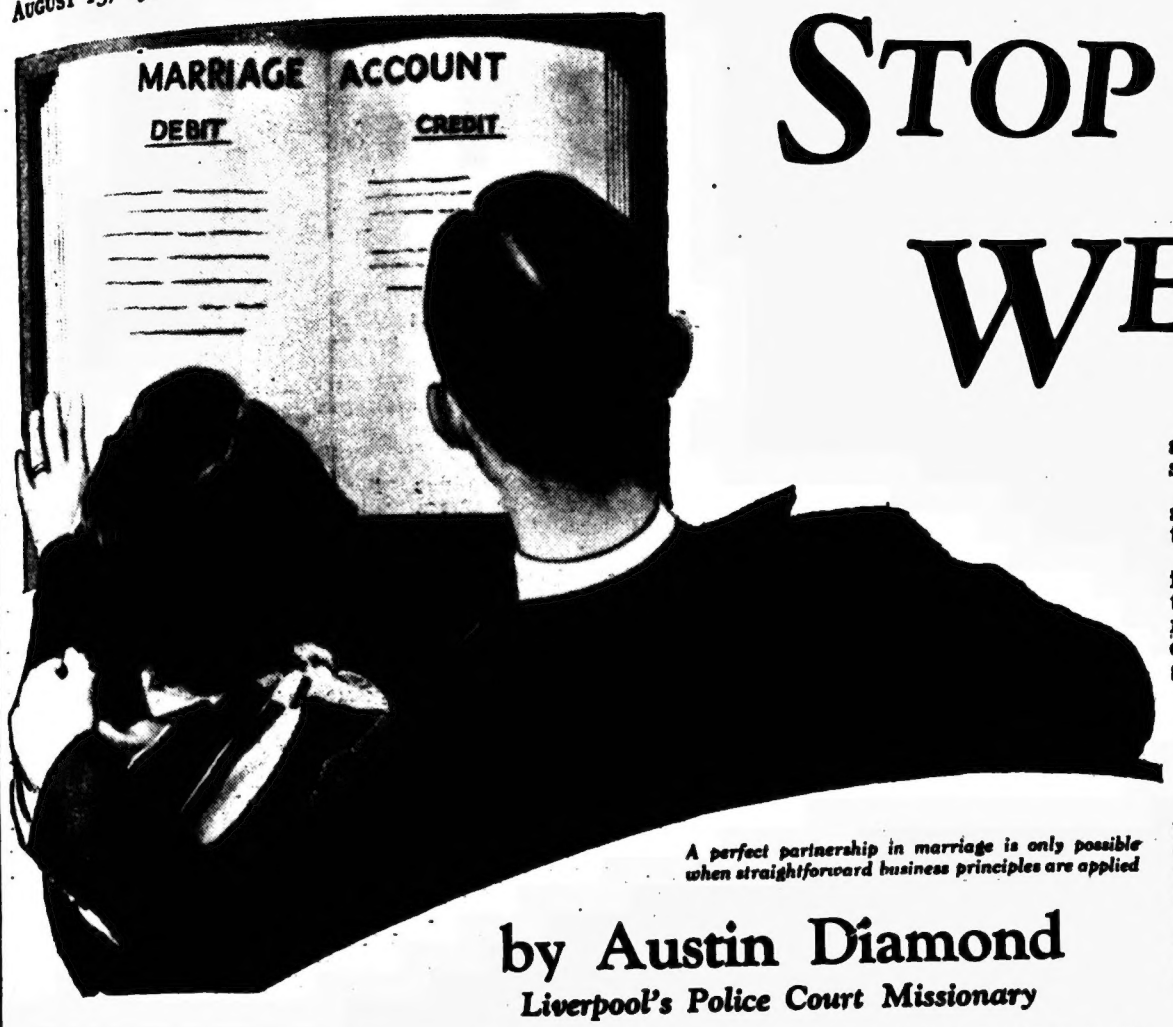
Paradox

Walter Franklin, a London company director, says he is a great lover of animals.

But when a cat hissed at his dog in a Newcastle hotel he kicked the cat with such force that its jaw was dislocated and a tooth broken, for which he has just been fined £5.

So perhaps he will restrain his "great love" in future.

STOP that WEDDING!



A perfect partnership in marriage is only possible when straightforward business principles are applied

by Austin Diamond

Liverpool's Police Court Missionary

IF you want to know all about the great marriage problem—come to the offices of us police court missionaries. We, perhaps more than anyone else, see marriage on the rocks, and we know a little about the reasons for the shipwrecks.

The matrimonial misery of a city is card-indexed in our Missionaries' Office at Dale Street Police Court, Liverpool.

Each card contains a poignant human story, and about 3,000 new ones are added every year. Of these cases, fewer than 1,000 come before the magistrates, 700 or 800 resulting in separation orders.

The remaining 2,000 are settled out of court by the Missionaries' Office.

There is a street brawl outside our office. I run out and literally drag in a man whose face is a mass of cuts and scratches. He raves like a lunatic about his child, and accuses his wife of associating with another man. His wife's relations have just waylaid him and mauled him severely.

This is only one of a series of such brawls. Between the two families there are no fewer than four cross-summonses pending for assault.

I ask the wife to meet her husband at my office, and on catching sight of each other they instantly fly at each other's throats.

Eventually the case comes up in Court. The wife and the other man deny associating, but the other man's mother and sister support the husband's story. The case is dismissed.

For three months the family feud continues. But the missionary does not give up, and to-day the husband and wife are living happily together.

Those casual marriages

THIS case is typical of thousands of matrimonial tragedies of to-day, and unfortunately they don't all have a happy ending.

Why, I am often asked, is there so much married misery? Well, first, because marriages are too easy to contract. Secondly, because legal separations with maintenance are too easy to obtain.

Just think of it! Children can marry. The diseased and mentally deficient can marry. White can marry black, yellow, or red.

To be a doctor, a parson, or a solicitor, years of rigorous training must be undergone. To become a husband or wife—a profession every bit as important—no training is insisted on and no qualifications demanded, except that of residence for a time in some district.

It is no bar to marriage if both parties are completely ignorant of everything to do with the married state. Getting married, in fact, is the most casual proceeding on earth.

More than half the cases which pass through my hands are marriages of less than three years' standing. A quarter are less than one year's. None of these should ever have been allowed to take place.

In nearly every instance it is a wrong motive for the marriage in the first place which has wrecked it. It may have been the simple desire to gratify physical passion, or in many cases to legitimise an illegitimate child. How can such marriages endure? I have never yet found one that even looked like lasting.

Marriage should only be embarked upon by grown men and women—men and women who are healthy in mind and body.

Lessons in matrimony

PEOPLE who marry should be of the same colour, if not of the same nationality, and they should have made a thorough study of each other's character and habits.

Not only this: the State should provide facilities for training young men and women in the science of matrimony. They should be taught their wedded responsibilities, the art of housekeeping and the care of children.

Nor should the most serious step in life be the easiest in the world to take. The State, since it pays "doles," should satisfy itself that children are not brought into the world before there is a reasonable chance of means to support them.

Finally, the parties to a marriage should be ready to forswear their family relations.

Many couples blunder at the start by thinking that marriage is the end of a romantic adventure. It is the beginning of a serious partnership.

That blessed word "partnership" is the key to marital happiness. The emancipation of women has created it, for the husband and wife are now joint managers with equal rights and powers.

Apply the same business principles to marriage as you would, say, to a grocery partnership, and you are on the high road to success.

What are those principles? First, in any commercial concern, details of buying, overhead charges, engagement of employees, trading policy and so forth would be decided by many a business conference.

Very well then, pull up your chairs to the fire and thrash out your marriage problems in the same way.

Then again, in any well-run business there would be complete confidence between heads, and a clear understanding as to the duties of each.

A partner in a grocery business would never dream of pawning the scales behind the other partner's back, nor of going off to the dog track with the till. He would not nag at his colleague all day, nor would he ask for his beer and betting stakes or his football match entrance ticket to be a first charge on the business before the partnership share-out.

Yet these very things are commonly done in a marriage partnership, and they cause endless trouble.

But it is the little things over and above what is demanded by either party under the terms of the partnership which clinch the success of marriage. For instance, if a husband has the wisdom to compliment his wife on a particularly good dinner, or help her to wash up after his own day's work is done, she will be delighted.

At the other end of the scale are the wife-beaters. Every Monday morning the court corridors are crowded with unfortunate wives with black eyes and bandaged heads.

Perhaps because it recognises that women are physically weaker, the Law gives wives extraordinary facilities for obtaining legal separations, though, strangely enough, it does not allow a husband to be a complainant. The wife must always issue the summons. To escape from an intolerable position a husband must give his wife grounds for complaint, or plead guilty to something he has never done.

Too easy separations

OFTEN a husband has complained to me that his wife is drinking heavily, pawning recklessly, associating with another man, or even forging the landlord's initials in the rent book. I can only tell him that if he leaves his wife she will summon him for desertion.

My files show that separations run in the family. I know several families of sisters, all legally separated. One wife discovers how easy it is, and the rest follow suit. There is far too much of "back to mother with a pension for life" in our matrimonial courts.

If I had my way, I should refuse to grant a summons until the parties had been married for at least three years. I should adjourn cases for long periods before granting a separation, conduct enquiries into how many near relations had already been granted separations, and make adultery by married people a criminal offence.

I should absolutely refuse to separate the parties to a "forced" marriage on any grounds, and I should abolish the breach of promise suit.

The facility for obtaining legal separations is one of the rocks on which marriages are wrecked. It is abused, and ignorance of the law makes the abuses worse.

And the children . . .

A MAINTENANCE order is based on the husband's income at the time of the hearing. Every time his income changes, the amount of the order should change with it. If it decreases he can summon his wife for a reduction. If it increases, his wife may ask the court to increase the order. There is no limit to the number of times an order may be varied.

But actually, though separated, wives invariably exercise their rights; husbands, probably through ignorance, do not.

Hardest, perhaps, of all the cases a court missionary comes across are those relating to the critical period in a woman's life.

What is a missionary to do when a mother of six who has been married for twenty years demands a separation order because, she says, her husband tells lies, bites his nails in the kitchen, and has not kissed his children since they were born?

In every shipwrecked marriage dozens of items are in dispute: who shall have the furniture or the tenancy of the house, who shall pay the outstanding debts.

The knottiest problem of all is who is to have legal custody of the children, and where and how often the other is to see them.

Sometimes the only possible place is in the Missionaries Office!

If there is a

He lost his kingdom, his jewels, his two princesses—and he couldn't even keep his job in a jass band: Prince Abdul Kadir of Turkey

WHENEVER there is a new attempt to restore to power a fallen monarchy, as there is to-day in Germany, it gives new hope to those deposed kings and queens, princes and potentates who are scattered about the world in exile.

Just now the Hohenzollerns are trying to raise their uncrowned heads in a fresh bid for rulership.

The result is that in many a secret meeting-place where faithful followers of exiled royalties gather it is being whispered that the odds are on a new boom in kings.

Fourteen years have passed since the great slump in crowned heads began, and on the face of it the world seems to be no better off.

Wherever a throne crashed monarchists are making capital out of the present economic distress in their own country and throughout the rest of the world. They blame this tragic aftermath of the war to the fall of monarchies, and it provides a fine argument to get them restored.

The Band of Hope

No wonder there is renewed hope among the sad little band of deposed monarchs, or the heirs of such, who lay claim to the thrones of Europe and the East. Some of them, who know what it is to be king, secretly dread regaining their regal positions. Others burn with the thirst for power.

An absorbing novel could be written round the life of Zita, once Queen of Hungary and Empress of Austria, who at this moment resides in the Belgian castle of Steenockerzel, working unceasingly to secure the Hungarian throne for her nineteen-year-old son Otto.

Mistress of the great Schoenbrunn Palace, with its eleven hundred apartments, she fell with her eight children from queenly pomp to beggarly poverty.

Two coups to restore her son were defeated. She was imprisoned, exiled, and driven from one country to another. At times she was almost reduced to begging for food.

One thing only has given this indomitable woman courage to face her misfortunes—her ambition to see her son Otto King of Hungary.

This youth, who is now of age to succeed, has had a most extraordinary upbringing at her hands. He has been trained for the throne as a horse might be trained for a race. He lives as if at a little court. Even his own brothers and sisters are obliged to treat him like a king, and the servants must walk backwards out of his presence.

There is a strong royalist party in Hungary. At the moment the eyes of these royalists are on Germany, for if the Hohenzollerns return, the Hapsburgs will almost certainly follow.

They know that in spite of precautions and denials, the ex-Kaiser, the ex-Crown Prince and other members of the Hohenzollern family have been holding secret conferences at Zandvoort, and arguing heatedly about who is to be the candidate for the Throne or the Regency.

The ex-Kaiser, who is now seventy-three, is not anxious to come forward himself. On the other hand, he is not on good terms with the ex-Crown Prince and does not wish him to rule, either. The ex-Crown Prince's wife hopes that one of her own children will succeed, while the wife of the ex-Kaiser is pushing the claims of her own group.

The prospect of a Hohenzollern restoration is so repugnant to Bavaria, which has always looked upon itself as a separate State, that about three-quarters of the population wish to make Prince Rupprecht their king.

England's Rupprecht!

Prince Rupprecht, a stern, soldierly figure, is, in the opinion of some people, a prospective king in a double sense. He is a direct descendant of Charles I. of England, and there is an organisation in this country, called the Order of the White Rose, which has supported the claims of this line to the throne of Great Britain since the eighteenth century.

There are actually two groups of this order existing in London to-day, and from time to time, in spite of proctorial bans, branches are formed at Oxford University.

One London group consists of about a score of men and women living mostly in Chelsea, whose headquarters is an ancient brick house in Cheyne Walk. The Vice-Chancellor of the order lives here, surrounded by relics of the Jacobite era and waited on by footmen in Highland dress.

The other centre is in Bayswater. In a room of a house in Elgin Crescent, the Royalist Club still holds its meetings. Over the mantelpiece hangs a photograph of "King Robert I. and IV.," as the Jacobites call Prince Rupprecht.

Ex-King Alfonso, of Spain, his supporters say, is well in the running for a return to power. The loss of his throne was not an unmixed misfortune for him. Both he and his wife, who was the favourite grandchild of Queen Victoria, are thoroughly happy in England.

Another ex-monarch who may possibly regain his crown is Prince Milo, claimant to the throne of Montenegro.

Fourteen years ago his kingdom was handed over to Jugo-Slavia. In 1924 a brother of his came to London to plead the family cause with the British public. He was in such straits that he settled in two poorly furnished rooms in a Bloomsbury lodging-house, where he lived for some months gladly accepting any sort of menial work to support himself.

But now, scattered over Europe and America, are 60,000 Montenegro patriots, all filled with renewed hopes of restoring Prince Milo and making Montenegro once more an independent State.

Montenegro, which is only about half the size of Wales, is a nation of brigand warriors. Nearly every man is a born soldier, and there are enough rifles in their possession to arm the male population twice over.

All these fighters are passionately devoted to Prince Milo, who is a nephew of the Queen of Italy. Macedonia and Albania are ready to join Montenegro in a revolt, and overtures are being made to Italy.

There is a saying that London could fill almost any throne in Europe at a moment's notice. This is only half-true. Deposed monarchs usually either come to England, take up sport, and live the lives of English gentlemen of leisure, or they wander about the Continent and gravitate towards Paris.

Above: Once the roller-skating Emperor of China, now plain Mr. P'u-yi. Right: Greece may want its George back again

King Manoel, who has just died, and King George of Greece are in the first category.

King Manoel took up yachting, hunting, golf, tennis and polo. He had the finest collection of early Portuguese printed books in the world, and he was so great an authority on books that he was recently asked to lecture at Cambridge.

King George of Greece has houses at Banbury and Cromer, and as he remarked recently "the life of the English country squire is the only one I can really enjoy."

Prisoner King

But his peace may soon be disturbed. The present distress in Greece is producing rapid changes of feeling among his fickle countrymen. Once more they are turning to their young monarch, who still maintains that he has never abdicated and is therefore entitled to be addressed as king.

To look at this jovial young man, who not long ago was studying at Oxford, you would never guess that he had served in the Prussian Guards, been through two Balkan wars, and ruled over a turbulent kingdom after his grandfather had been murdered and his brother, the former king, had died of a monkey's bite. During King George's brief reign he was practically a prisoner. His palace was guarded and his private correspondence overlooked.

Many royal exiles have led far different lives. In a recently published book, the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia describes how the ex-Tsar in exile came into the garden with his children, and under the supervision of many guards cut the ice and cleared away the snow.

Crowds gathered behind the railings to stare and jeer. Rude and obscene remarks flew about, but the late Emperor continued his modest work as if he had heard nothing.

To-day, his nephew, the Grand Duke Cyril, is the only serious claimant to the Russian throne. A quiet, dignified figure, he spends most of his time at Continental re-

He preserves the Grand Manner while awaiting events—Don Jaime of Bourbon

NEW BOOM in KINGS . .

Will Abyssinia call Lij Yassu Emperor again?

Left: Did he put the ex- before his King?—Prajadhipok of Siam. Below: Prince Rupprecht wants to sit on two thrones

. . ROYAL EXILES *who are* AWAITING *their* CHANCE

sorts. For some years he was shadowed by Bolshevist agents, but now the Soviets evidently consider the danger of Tsarist plotting too remote to be taken seriously, for he is left in peace.

Even more sensational than the fall of the Tsars, who were by far the richest rulers in Europe, being worth between eight and ten million pounds a year, was the eclipse of the Sultans of Turkey.

Mohammed VI, the last reigning Sultan and High Caliph of the Moslems, is now living in obscurity in the Bernese Oberland; while Abdul Kadir, son of the notorious Sultan Abdul Hamid, the "Shadow of God on Earth," is at present occupying a single room in the poorest quarter of Buda-Pesth.

An Englishman who went to see ex-Sultan Mohammed recently was shown into a hall, the only occupant of which was an elderly man engaged in drying his socks before the fire.

After waiting for some little time, he asked this elderly stranger if he knew where he could find the Sultan.

"I am the Sultan," was the surprising reply.

Mohammed has none of the characteristics usually associated with Eastern potentates. His tastes are simple. In spite of his age, he spends much of his time climbing the Swiss mountains, and he has exchanged his celebrated harem of five hundred dusky beauties for a French wife, formerly Mlle. Juliette Lepéon.

Eloping Princess

Prince Abdul Kadir, who is recognised as heir to the Sultanate by a group in Turkey, sought refuge in Buda-Pesth ten years ago when Mustapha Kemal ejected the Ottoman Dynasty.

He was allowed to take with him a great hoard of gold and jewels and his two beautiful wives, Hadishe Madshide Hanum Effendi and Messiet Hanum Effendi.

But unfortunately for him he fell into the hands of crooks, who fleeced him of his wealth, and to add to his troubles his first wife, Madshide, ran away with a Hungarian business man and eventually returned to Turkey as a dancer.

His other wife, Messiet, retired with him into a miserable quarter of the city, where he secured a post as violinist in a café jazz band. But when he played, the music recalled his bitter misfortunes and made him weep in public. Customers laughed at him, and he lost even this post.

Fate was to play him an even shabbier trick.

The Hungarian who had stolen Madshide returned to beg his forgiveness. The Prince generously forgave him, but only a few months ago the Hungarian eloped with Messiet and the pair took refuge with a night-club proprietor in Buda-Pesth, who is now advertising the lady as a "draw" for his club under the resounding title of "Her Imperial Highness Princess Abdul Kadir of Turkey."

Meanwhile the famous Yildiz Palace of the Sultans, once a veritable city in itself with 6,000 inhabitants watched over by 7,000 guards, after failing as a casino has been handed over to the municipality of Constantinople for use as a sanatorium.

Tyrant's Downfall

Even wealthier than the Turkish Sultans was Saiyid Mir Alan Khan, once Emir of Bokhara, possessor of £35,000,000 in gold coin and the most magnificent collection of jewels in all Asia. He is now a poor outcast on the outskirts of Kabul.

In the days of his glory he inspected his treasury twice daily, morning and evening. He ruled with Oriental ferocity, putting to death four brothers and twenty-five relations, and massacring political agitators by the hundred. He served as a major-general in the old Russian army and was aide-de-camp to the late Tsar.

Then came the Soviets, who set about financing a Young Bokharan Party. One morning Saiyid Khan awoke to find his capital in the hands of Soviet infantry. Disguised as a carter, he escaped, but his two sons were captured and sent to Moscow to be "educated." Quite recently he sent an envoy to the League at Geneva pleading for help to regain his kingdom.

The newest recruit to the Army of the deposed is ex-King Prajadhipok of Siam, who is actually believed to have taken part in planning the revolution against his own rule.

The revolution, which occurred a few weeks ago, is the politest on record. King Prajadhipok communicated with the rebels and addressed formal statements to his subjects by wireless.

A thoroughly modern-minded king, he had schemed for years to introduce constitutional reforms.

Unfortunately his uncle and brothers, two of whom were educated at Harrow, opposed his plans, and the only way to overcome the difficulty was to organise a revolution.

Mr. Henry P'u-yi, the puppet Emperor of Manchuria, is another deposed monarch. Twenty-four years ago, at the age of two, he ascended the Dragon Throne of China, but in 1912 he was forced to abdicate.

Twice he refused to become Emperor of Manchuria. His ambitions lay in other directions. For after passing through crazes for bicycling and roller skating, he decided to train his voice and become a professional operatic singer.

Two years ago, one of his retainers was sent from Tientsin to Peking to engage a singing master and purchase musical instruments and costumes such as are used in Chinese opera. He hoped before long to appear professionally.

But now this enterprising young man is obliged to remain at Changchun, the dreary railway junction town which is his capital.

Ex-King Amanullah, with his lovely Queen Souriyah, is often to be seen in Paris, and some believe that he will yet return to bend Afghanistan to his ambitious reforms.

Abyssinian Plot

Haile Selassie, the progressive Emperor of Abyssinia, is following Amanullah's perilous example by planning to change the ancient ways of the East in his own backward kingdom. At any moment a revolt may depose him in favour of Lij Yassu, the ex-Emperor, who recently escaped from his five-years' captivity disguised as a woman.

Some, like Abdul Kadir, have fallen on hard times. The Archduke Max has been engaged in the building trade in Barcelona. A year ago a waiter in the station buffet at Varallo Sesia, in Lombardy, was found to be son and heir of the late Leo, King of Korassanan, in Armenia, who was deposed by the Russians and granted a pension of £12,000 a year.

Behind these bars, in Steenochersel Castle his mother plans unceasingly to place Hungary's crown on this youthful head of Otto

Others, like Don Jaime of Bourbon, the Carlist claimant to the Spanish throne, still preserve the Grand Manner. A few months ago he made a dramatic visit to Guernica, the traditional centre of Carlism, and at the present moment a plot is brewing to make him King of Navarre.

Wealthiest and wiliest of all out-of-work kings is Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who took with him into exile a huge sum of money, which by skilful speculation on the exchanges of Europe he increased many times over.

Not only this, it has recently transpired that he has been drawing large sums of money from the German Government against promises made to compensate him for personal losses incurred in the war.

Over £1,250,000 was paid him in 1931, two sums of £50,000 in 1924 and 1925, a pension of £6,000 a year in 1927, and a further sum of £25,000 last year.

He is the luckiest of all the deposed kings.

HANNEN SWAFFER'S Open Letter to—

—The Archdruid of Wales

ENGLAND Can Learn A LOT from YOU

The Rev. Gwili Jenkins, Archdruid of Wales

MY DEAR GWILI,—I saw you in circumstances, the other day, that to me were profoundly moving.

Anglo-Saxon though I am, and utterly ignorant of all the Celtic scholarship and poetry which you embody, I can visualise the profound meaning of the scene in which you played the leading part.

You had marched, with scores of attendant bards, through a vast auditorium, mounted the stage, and, when they surrounded you, looking just like the second act of "The Immortal Hour," I saw you crowning a young clergyman whose poem, "Conquest Through Suffering," had been judged the most worthy of the year.

They told me that the minister who won the prize was the son of a blacksmith.

I know that you were once an unknown man who himself had won the National Crown thirty years before, and who, taking his Bardic title from a little Carmarthenshire stream which he loved, had risen to high distinction, not only as a scholar, but as a preacher, poet, dramatist, and college lecturer.

There is something about you that all people who wish well of democracy can venerate.

During the Eisteddfod in which I saw you the leading figure, Welsh highbrows cynically expressed themselves about the National Eisteddfod's future.

There is talk of its decline. Many say it is unwieldy and cumbersome, and childish, even, in some of its aspects.

After experience of only one Eisteddfod I must reply that if all countries had such an annual gathering, which concentrated on a new town every year, all national feeling that tended towards culture, and love of music, and delight in poetry—well, the world might be a better place.

I see in you, Gwili, the embodiment of all that is best in the Welsh people, high idealism, cultural aspiration, and that friendliness which I find every time I visit Wales.

You chose the politics of the common people years ago, when it was difficult. You were brave enough, in days when it dared something, to search in the Bible for a teaching that was not narrow or out of date. If only for this reason, you, as a Welsh Nonconformist minister, would have earned the praise of millions of modern men.

With such an Archdruid as yourself, the Eisteddfod, whatever they say, cannot decline.

The one in which I saw you clad in beautiful ivory robes was a triumph of Welsh character.

It had been staged amid the worst depression in the history of the Principality. In Port Talbot alone, where I met you, there are 3,500 unemployed registered at the employment exchange. The works are either at half-time or shut.

Most countries, in such circumstances, would have abandoned what they call a luxury. Yet the brave Welsh built a vast pavilion which cost £6,000, and, even with destitution around, they sang themselves into the knowledge of "Conquest Through Suffering."

They sang like that, even in the darkest hours of the War.

"Let us sing," said Ll. G., then Prime Minister, in 1918. "Do not let us pull down the blinds."

So, at Neath, where the Eisteddfod was held that year, the nation sang just as though they were in days of peace and plenty.

I saw at Port Talbot, this year, small children facing a mighty house of 10,000 people, reciting little poems with action. I heard others play the violin, and some sang to the harp. I heard the large choirs of male voices, and the large choirs of women's voices, and I know that many of the homes from which they came were poor, and that many of the men who sang counted themselves lucky to be allowed to dig coal for a livelihood. For scores of those who sang with them were unemployed. Yet still they sang!

People who find time, when destitution stalks across the land, to dedicate hours and hours, every week, to the study of art and music, are a great people.

I would like you to come to England and teach us how to do it. We English need some unifying force which will remind us of the greatness of our past, and of the promise of our future.

We want someone who will teach our people how to sing, and remind us that all our Shakespeares and Keatses came from unknown homes, where they lived only ordinary, simple lives; and that our Gainsboroughs and Constables were all nobodies much before they saw Beauty, and painted it.

Some people don't want brass bands at the Eisteddfod. Some people don't want ambulance competitions. Some people look with a mere tolerance on the arts and crafts.

You, I know, understand that a man can only express himself in the best way he can find, and that culture may take a thousand forms.

I have heard your great choirs sing, and when I have heard them I have wished that in England, where there is so much unorganised talent, where cleverness is discouraged rather than helped, we had, as you have, a festival such as yours—one that would pierce like a clarion note through lethargy and selfishness and give us all heart again.

Sing! Let us sing.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK,
145, Piccadilly, London, W.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—You have declined an invitation to a civic luncheon at Lincoln "in view of unemployment and consequent distress."

Your brother, Prince George, has often made it clear that he does not wish unnecessary expense to be incurred on his visits to other towns.

The lovers of pomp and ceremony on our councils should note this. They forget too often that the ratepayers have to pay for their civic sprees.

JOHN BULL.

Signor BENITO MUSSOLINI,
Prime Minister of Italy

DEAR DUCE,—A fortnight ago I congratulated you for sacking Ministers who went to Lausanne and didn't "deliver the goods." But I can't applaud you for your latest glorification of war.

Only war brings to the full the force of human energy, you say. Rubbish! War is the greatest waster of human energy we know. It wasted the lives of eleven million men in 1914-18.

And as for war being "noble," ask any man who endured the filth and horror of the trenches. Then perhaps you'll glorify Peace.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. G. HEMMERDE, K.C.,
Recorder of Liverpool

DEAR SIR,—You did well in giving a youth of eighteen what he has never had—his freedom.

At the age of eight he was sent to an industrial school for stealing, at fifteen he went to jail, and he has just served another term of twelve months' hard labour. In ten years he had been home only twice!

You cancelled a sentence of three years' Borstal treatment passed on him and put him on probation. If he has the good in him you think he has, you will have saved the taxpayer the expense of keeping one more criminal.

JOHN BULL.

LORD ASTOR,
St. James's Square, London, S.W.

MY LORD,—It cost the taxpayer over £8,000,000 last year to grow sugar in England, you point out.

And you add, "this burden is apparently to be continued even though we cannot maintain the pay of police, teachers, and other vital public servants."

Thank you for this illustration of Whitehall's false economy methods!

JOHN BULL.

FATHER DUDLEY, Brondesbury, London: Parents are loved only to the extent of pocket money they give to children, you say. It's pretty clear you don't know children.—JOHN BULL.

The COMMANDING OFFICER,
Royal West Kent Regiment Depot

DEAR SIR,—A few days ago two youths were refused enlistment in your regiment because, as small boys of ten and eleven, they had been "convicted of offences."

Yet their conduct reports from their school were officially admitted to be most satisfactory.

The Lancashire Regiment, which they eventually joined, didn't share your unfair scruples. I agree with the Kent County Council that a strong protest was justified.

JOHN BULL.

MR. W. H. McHAFFIE,
Regent's Park Central School, N.W.

DEAR SIR,—"We are so busy catering for the dull child," you remark, "that we are putting obstacles in the way of the clever child."

You forget that the strength of a chain is in its weakest link.

A clever child will get on, obstacles or no obstacles. He doesn't require much teaching. The dull child does. And that's why some schoolmasters don't like to be too busy catering for him.

JOHN BULL.

Miss PAMELA BUTCHER,
Buckingham Palace Road, London

DEAR PAMELA,—Fools have said that every woman can be gulled by flattery, but a plausible rogue who believed it is now in jail.

Posing as a major and hotel owner, he praised your prettiness, promised you flowers and chocolates, and tried to defraud you of £1. But you told the police, and on returning to your shop he found them waiting for him.

No doubt he'll remember in future that prettiness often goes with commonsense.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. SARAH ILLSLEY,
Sunbury-on-Thames

DEAR MADAM,—You—at eighty-four—fought your way through flames and smoke to wrap a hearthrug round another old lady in a blazing almshouse.

And Mrs. Seecking, who is seventy-four, helped by fetching buckets of water.

You could not prevent the old lady's death, but you can pride yourself on having done a noble deed at the risk of your own life. May you speedily recover from your injuries.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. W. G. ROBERTS,
Horsley, Derby

DEAR VICAR,—You took the risk of climbing 130 feet of scaffolding to bring down a hat which some wag had placed on your church steeple.

You hope the owner of the hat will put something in it as a thanksgiving for your safe descent.

I like your unusual sense of humour. But it's rather wasted on practical jokers.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. REYNOLDS, Berwick-on-Tweed: When you heard your son was dying in Cornwall, you walked 630 miles with your wife and two children to reach his bedside. I admire your determination to let no difficulty deter you from your duty as a parent, and hope the future will be brighter for you.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. BARROW CADBURY,
Bournville, near Birmingham

DEAR SIR,—On retiring from the chairmanship of the firm which bears your name, you declared that one of the most important changes you saw in your fifty years' association with the firm was the increased ability of workpeople.

That puts Capital and Labour hand in hand for happiness and prosperity, which is as it should be.

JOHN BULL.

by A. G. GARDINER

Stalwarts in the fight for mothers—Sir George Newman, Mrs. Stanley Baldwin . . .

. . and Lady Howard de Walden

The MASSACRE of the Mothers

A GRAVE public challenge to women in general, and to the women who sit in Parliament in particular, has just been issued. It takes the form of a final report of the Committee on Maternal Mortality. A more disquieting and, in a sense, a more humiliating document has rarely seen the light.

That it is a challenge to the women who sit in Parliament in particular does not admit of question. It is a common criticism that the enfranchisement of women and their admission to the House of Commons have had little visible effect upon national policy.

Whether that criticism is just or unjust I do not pretend to say. And in any event, the case for women's representation does not rest on whether the legislative results are good or bad.

Women are entitled to the vote and to sit in Parliament on the ground that citizenship does not recognise sex discriminations. Women are subject, like men, to the law of the land, and they have the same right as men to a voice in the making or unmaking of that law.

But if there is one question which may be applied as an acid test of the usefulness of women as legislators, it is that dealt with in the report on Maternal Mortality.

That report reveals a condition of things which is a scandal to a civilised nation. And inasmuch as the victims of the scandal are exclusively women, it may be reasonably urged that it is the business of women, and especially of women in Parliament, to cleanse the national reputation of the stain.

For what is the shameful fact that emerges in startling character from the report? It is that of every two women in this country who die at childbirth, one dies who ought not to die.

She dies, that is, for lack of proper attention, or because of external infection, or from some other cause which is avoidable and should be avoided. One in every two!

If such an inexcusable slaughter, directly traceable to neglect, were reported in connection with any industry, there would be a universal outburst of indignant horror. The trade unions would thunder at Parliament and Parliament would not be allowed to rest until so gross a public crime was abolished.

What are the trade unions doing in this case? What have the women in Parliament done? What do they propose to do?

Gauntlet of death

This is not merely a question of humanity or of justice to women. It is that, of course. Nature has imposed on women an ordeal with which the experience of men has no parallel. It is an ordeal which makes her task of child-bearing probably the most perilous of all industries.

For every 250 births one mother dies, and it follows that mothers who have considerable families run the gauntlet of death in the fulfilment of their task much more frequently than those who in the industrial world follow what are known as "dangerous callings."

It is the woman who pays, always in suffering, sometimes in death; but her sacrifice is not the end of the afflictions. The home of which her activities are the keystone is shattered, and the child, for whose life she has given her own, is started upon its career robbed of the most precious influence that can envelop childhood.

There is no lot more pathetic than that of the motherless child, and the tragedies of childbirth cast long and mournful shadows over the living.

That those tragedies should be doubled by avoidable causes is a shocking reflection on our civilisation. It is a reflection which we should find it difficult to believe but for the emphatic declaration of Sir George Newman's Committee, who, after four years' investigation, state:—

> "We are confirmed in the opinion expressed in our interim report that at least half the deaths which have come under review could have been prevented had due forethought been exercised by the expectant mother and her attendant, a reasonable degree of skill been brought to bear upon the management of the case, and adequate facilities for treatment been provided and utilised."

Careless treatment

Even more sinister is the disclosure that so far from the mortality declining, it is on the increase. It had fallen to 3.81 per 1,000 births in 1922. It is now 4.3 per 1,000 births.

In other words, while the infantile mortality of the country has been halved, the mortality of mothers has actually increased.

The reasons are not obscure. They are flagrant. And they are as indefensible as they are flagrant. They are first and foremost related to the thoroughly haphazard and inefficient standards of treatment.

Childbirth, the most critical of all human functions, is too often dealt with with no more gravity than if it were a common cold. Sairey Gamp, banished from all other spheres, is still left by the bedside of the expectant mother.

There is carelessness before birth and carelessness after birth. There is no organised service of instructed midwifery, and untrained "handy-women" are left with the issues of life or death in their hands. There is revealed in the report a serious lack of facilities for the training of medical students in modern ante-natal work. Births are too hurried after insufficient ante-natal care.

Who's to blame?

The fact that puerperal sepsis, from which so many women succumb, is often due to infection from outside is ignored. Droplet infection from the nose or throat of the attendant is a frequent source of infection to the mother. Yet this danger is not provided against by the compulsory use of an efficient mask which is a commonplace in operative surgery.

In short, the whole problem of maternity is treated with a cavalier levity that prevails in no other sphere of human crisis. The marvel is not that two die where one only ought to die; but that the mortality is not even higher.

Who is to blame for this national shame? It is not the mothers, ignorant though they often are. It is not the doctors. It is not the midwives.

The responsibility is with Parliament. Years ago the Royal Commission on National Health Insurance prepared a comprehensive national maternity scheme to combat the devastation of childbirth. More ante-natal clinics, more maternity homes, better training of doctors and midwives, more instruction of women in the science of motherhood—these were the remedies advocated.

But Parliament did nothing.

Two years ago the Newman Committee in its interim report made a similar appeal to the nation to save the mothers. But again nothing was done. We must economise, said Parliament. We must save money at the expense of lives. But that is the economy of Bedlam.

It must be repudiated. Let the women in Parliament make this question their own. Let them fight for it as they fought to win the vote.

They will find that they have the country behind them, and in saving thousands of women's lives they will justify the enfranchisement of their sex.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.—H. G. Wells expounds—

Mr. Polly's Politics

YOU cannot but know me: I'm Wells,
A dealer in magic and spells;
My lore scientific—
Is simply terrific—
My head is so full that it swells!

I've given you New Worlds For Old,
Mankind's entire hist'ry I've told;
Solutions emphatic,
If somewhat erratic,
For all the world's problems I hold!

But whenever I point out their slips
To our rulers and offer them tips,
They rile me to madness
By saying with sadness:
"I wish he would write a new 'Kipps'!"

To be perfectly frank, I've come to hate "Kipps" and "Mr. Polly." Admittedly, they made my reputation; but they didn't make the reputation I wanted.

The world insists upon regarding me as a gifted writer of fiction, whereas I wish to be accepted as a statesman-prophet—a combination of Machiavelli, Mussolini and Old Moore.

But as even my warmest admirers seem to be afflicted with this confounded "Kipps complex," I find myself in the position of an actor who knows that heaven intended him to play Hamlet, but is continually cast for the role of clown. Is it any wonder, in the circumstances, that I sometimes become peevish?

I am now being accused of peevishness because I lately described the Labour Party as "feeble-minded: nothing more than spouting mouths, clutching hands and no brains whatever."

When asked what justification I have for these sweeping allegations, I reply that the Party has consistently ignored the advice I gave to the Fabian Society 30 years ago. What clearer evidence of feeble-mindedness could be demanded?

Not, of course, that politicians belonging to the other parties are any better, for they have all ignored my advice! The result is that, politically considered, I am a Wells of Loneliness.

When I point out just how the world can be transformed into the Modern Utopia that I created (on paper) years ago they shrug their shoulders and remark, like Lord Passfield, "It's only Wells!"

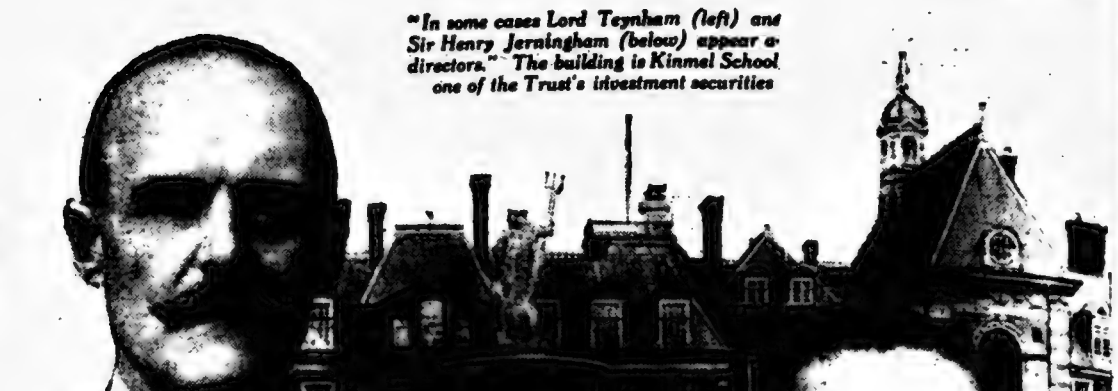
Only Wells, indeed! Let them wait! I have pointed out that what the world stands in need of to-day is a policy of "Liberal-Fascism," and this, of course, implies a Mussolini. But when searching for a Mussolini let the world beware of going to the Duce in the old way.

Since Bonaparte first strode the stage
Faked Bonapartes have been the rage.
We've watched their antics dreary
In Berlin, Leningrad and Rome—
And Fleet Street, to come nearer home—
And of them we've grown weary.

The autocrat we need to-day
Must be a man of different clay,
No imitation Cæsar,
But one who definitely can
Claim kinship with the common man,
A bloke like you—or *me*, sir!

I've satirised him in the past,
But to his own he'll come at last,
And from the soup tureen he
May drag us. Therefore let's arrange
To try, if only for a change,
A Kipps as Mussolini!

BIG FRIENDLY SOCIETY *Unmasked*



"In some cases Lord Teynham (left) and Sir Henry Jerningham (below) appear as directors." The building is Kinmel School, one of the Trust's investment securities

by Sir Wyndham Childs

SOME months ago, in connection with a criticism I was then making of the Kinmel Bay Estates, Ltd., I issued a warning against a so-called investment concern, run as a friendly society and known as the First Mortgage Co-operative Investment Trust, Ltd.

Since then I have received so many enquiries from different quarters that I have kept this Trust under special observation, and it is now clear that my earlier criticisms were very well founded.

The time is now ripe for further comment, and I do not intend to mince my words in demanding a thorough investigation of the Trust's operations and administration.

Let me say at once that the Trust is no small venture. It boasts headquarters in Pall Mall East, London, S.W., and has a nominal capital of £2,000,000.

Its directors, too, are most distinguished, including as they do, Lord Teynham, Sir Henry Jerningham, a very active financier named Mr. C. W. Neville, and a Dr. W. J. J. Cornelius.

"Absolute Security" is this Trust's proud slogan.

Through the highly-organised distribution of countless circulars it has waged an incessant share-pushing campaign for the past three years.

Impressive—

It invariably aims at attracting small investors—men and women who have only a little money put by and who are naturally anxious to secure the highest return without risk.

So it offers a certain 7 per cent., free of income-tax, and promises safe and sound investments.

Of course, it does not put it so baldly. Inspiring facts and figures are presented in artistic and attractive brochures, which are probably the last word in literature of this class.

And as the symbol of "Absolute Security" there is an imprint of Nelson's Column and the lions of Trafalgar Square.

Even investors with a modest £5 are welcomed by this £2,000,000 Trust in its glittering, gilt-edged scheme.

And the Trust undertakes to reinvest their money in the "oldest and best form of security in the world."

Countless small investors, I find, have combined to provide the Trust with tens of thousands of pounds every year since its establishment in 1928. But apart from the inspiring names which grace the board of directors I am sorry to say that there is much about the Trust's impressive claims that is both exaggerated and misleading.

As regards the Trust's accounts, I can exclusively say that the Registrar of Friendly Societies has had the utmost difficulty from the outset in obtaining detailed information as to the real nature of the securities and investments in which investors' money has been sunk.

The return for 1930, for instance, was decidedly vague, to say the least. Huge totals of figures were airily disposed of in a most unexplanatory fashion.

In one case £56,219 is accounted for as "mortgages, including fees, bonuses and charges added, made during the year."

—but not implicit

How can any investor gather much enlightenment from that? What mortgages? What bonuses? What fees? What charges? When such a big sum is involved more detailed information should surely be available.

The Registrar of Friendly Societies wanted such information, but he couldn't legally demand it under the rules affecting the Trust.

I happen to know that special powers were obtained for the Friendly Society rules to be altered simply because of this one Trust, so that the actual particulars of each investment must in future be stated.

This has resulted in some astounding discoveries.

The 1931 accounts, which have been recently lodged, afford information so startling that members who have invested in the scheme should ponder the situation very seriously.

They reveal that a large proportion of the funds have been invested in concerns that are in a very bad way indeed. In some cases the companies have made heavy losses instead of profits, and some are even in the process of liquidation.

The issued share capital at the date this amazing return was compiled was £147,394.

Of this, £131,344 has been invested in other companies and, through the process of altering the rules I have revealed above, the Registrar of Friendly Societies has demanded a specific return and has discovered various interesting facts.

One is that more than £110,000 has been sunk in schemes unsuitable for this class of investment—and mostly run directly or indirectly by Mr. C. W. Neville, the leading light of the Trust!

In some cases Lord Teynham and Sir Henry Jerningham also figure as directors.

Nearly thirty thousand pounds is shown as invested in the Kinmel Bay Land Company, Ltd., which is in liquidation, and which, incidentally, was referred to in our columns last year.

Sums of £1,500, £3,400, £6,200, £16,770, £34,057 and £19,000 have also been absorbed in companies of the Neville group, in which the shares are mostly of a highly speculative type, and concerning which there have been many complaints because of broken promises and absence of profits.

But some of the safe and secure investments include such items as: "Mrs. Neville £1,000"; another, "Mr. C. W. Neville £1,250"; a third, "Dr. W. J. J. Cornelius £511 10s."

Like Mr. Neville, the good doctor is not only a director of the Trust, but also associated in some way or other with the companies in which the bulk of the Trust's funds are invested.

So in spite of its grandiloquent literature, the Trust is little more than a means of financing a group of schemes, many of them highly speculative, in which its directors are interested.

I think Lord Teynham and Sir Henry Jerningham should take a little expert advice on this form of finance and its dangers.

Sir Henry, however, has in the past been a little unfortunate; for he figured, I find, in another scheme called the British Co-operative Investment Trust, Ltd., which ended ingloriously, following an investigation into its affairs by the Registrar of Friendly Societies.

While the return now lodged at the Friendly Societies Registry is so illuminating, the balance-sheet signed by Sir Henry Jerningham and Dr. Cornelius as directors, and sent to the Trust's members, merely disposes of the bulk of the capital as "Investments, mortgages, and loans at cost."

Reprehensible

There is absolutely no provision against depreciation, while there is no reserve fund available for members in emergency.

After reading their vague balance-sheets I am sure members would be still more disturbed if they were to peruse the additional statements lodged with the Registrar of Friendly Societies.

I certainly think they should ask their directors a few questions about the policy of using their money in this way, particularly as there are other new ventures in which the Neville group is now interested.

One is the Sloane Avenue Mansions, Ltd., which is to deal in property, with Lord Teynham and Mr. Neville among its directors.

Though its nominal capital is merely £6,000, it is seeking to raise £62,000 in debenture stock.

Following the usual Neville routine in such matters, there is nothing to stop the Trust's funds being invested in this new venture.

In my opinion, it is nothing short of reprehensible that this Trust should lead small investors to believe that their savings can be handed over with "absolute security."

THE EYEWASH EXPERT

PEOPLE who suffer from eye trouble should not listen to a travelling "specialist" who calls himself Leonard Beaumont, and who has just been active in Eckington, Derbyshire.

Mr. Beaumont dresses quietly in clerical grey and looks distinctly professional when he appears on the doorstep with his little leather bag.

He is a good talker and tells a convincing story to the effect that though he has a consulting room in Sheffield he is anxious to extend his practice.

With this end in view he has set aside certain days for visiting outlying towns, but as he is a fully qualified optician, distant clients may rest assured that they will receive the very best attention.

He offers to test anyone's eyesight free of charge and, in the event of glasses being necessary, to supply a satisfactory pair at a little above cost price. So eloquently does he talk that numerous clients have been obtained and he has appeared to carry out painstaking tests.

True to his word, he makes no charge for the test and keeps the price of a pair of spectacles down to a modest 7s. 6d.

But, alas! when the glasses have been delivered they have been found to be rubbishy articles which have been priced by experts as being possibly worth sixpence.

Beaumont is a quack. He has no qualifications; no consulting rooms at Sheffield and no business whatever to be offering advice on such a delicate organ as the eye.

He is simply a clever salesman who is doing very well for himself by saddling sufferers with trashy spectacles on which he makes something like 1,400 per cent. profit!

Mr. Bogus Everything —The Quick-Change Forger

A VERSATILE crook, who changes his rôles as quickly as a chameleon changes colour, is carrying out a series of audacious frauds that call for official action.

The popular holiday resort of Eastbourne was recently favoured with his presence, and he arrived in a smart car, wearing the well-cut uniform of an officer in the Royal Navy.

He signed the register at a fashionable hotel as Captain J. R. Maitland, R.N., and certainly looked the part except that there was a suggestion of pallor showing through his tan. But he traded cleverly on this fact, as we shall presently show.

True to nautical tradition, the Captain made friends quickly and proved a breezy and entertaining companion in the smoke-room, where he regaled his fellow-guests with stories of naval engagements and strange experiences in distant waters.

Now in his middle age, he had been rewarded for his service with a special post at the Admiralty, but fate had dealt him one unkind blow. He was suffering from a serious internal complaint which had suddenly manifested itself, so that explained his presence in Eastbourne. The Admiralty doctors had insisted upon his staying by the sea indefinitely.

Super-optimist

But he was full of optimism. He had no intention of settling down as an invalid if he could help it. He had come to the sea to get well, and well he meant to get.

So superbly did he play his part that no one suspected that the stoic Captain was known to the Admiralty only as an impostor No one guessed that the pallor was part of a clever make-up, or that the rôle of Captain J. R. Maitland concealed the identity of one of the biggest forgers at large.

Yet such is the truth, and over a long period he has perpetrated a variety of frauds by posing successively as a ship's captain, an accountant, an advertising expert, representative of a leading brewer and a police officer.

And apart from his forgery coups he is a jewel thief of resource, while some of his victims are women to whom he has made ardent love.

In spite of his avowed intention of resting in Eastbourne indefinitely "under doctor's orders," he was really surprisingly active and suddenly fled the town, leaving a trail of worthless cheques, drawn on his non-existent Admiralty account.

During his brief stay he had also contrived to obtain various goods on credit and to raise loans from fellow-guests who were genuinely sorry to think that such a charming man should be a victim of ill-health!

Army of dupes

The list of his dupes is endless. They are to be found in places as far apart as Huddersfield and Tunbridge Wells; Oldham and Torquay; Bishop Auckland and Bristol; Blackpool and Wallsend.

In one coup, armed with impressively-printed business paper, he approached tradespeople in different towns in the guise of a chartered accountant with offices in the Midlands.

He passed as Mr. Ashley Staines, and the business addresses which appeared on his notepaper were all in important centres.

Yet he repeated his favourite trick of obtaining goods and money by fraud and conducted no accountancy business whatever.

Quick changes are essential to him, however, and he was soon impudently masquerading in the name of a Captain

The man who is bogus everything is also a master of make-up. In his various disguises he has duped scores of people

Louis Knudsen, who is well known in Norwegian shipping circles.

Having met the Captain during a flying visit to that country, Maitland saw a chance of adopting a romantic rôle after his own heart.

He mastered all the details of the real Captain's characteristics and made discreet inquiries into his personal affairs. Then, making up to resemble the Norwegian skipper as closely as possible he started pledging his credit on all sides and forging his name on countless cheques.

Brewery trick

In yet another of his quick-changes he became plain Mr. Archibald Brown, but he claimed the distinction of being the special representative of a famous London brewery firm.

With characteristic audacity he visited provincial hotels and branches of the firm in question and bluffed everyone into believing that he was conducting special tours of inspection.

Even the branch managers of the firm were taken completely off their guard by the authoritative way in which he marched into their offices and questioned them on business policy.

In every case he obtained free food and drink, was entertained with great respect and even permitted to draw sums of money for his own use "pending the arrival of an allowance from the head office."

One of the saddest victims of this master rogue is a woman upon whom he imposed most cruelly by representing himself as a police officer.

He called upon her one day and in a very severe manner announced that he was a member of the C.I.D.

To the woman's horror and amazement he told her that she was suspected of being involved with a gang of society crooks. He mentioned the names of certain people who were known to her and implied that though she might possibly be unaware of it, they were all black sheep.

At any rate, he continued, it was his duty to question her very closely and to find out how much she really knew as it was quite likely that the police would have to prosecute her with her friends.

Playing upon her distress and innocence he then induced her to advance him immediately all the money she had in the world In return he promised to use his influence to square matters at headquarters so that her name should not figure in the unsavoury proceedings that were now pending.

Other evidence of this rogue's versatility is afforded by a case in which he posed as an advertising expert. Misusing the names of various reputable agencies, he called upon numerous small firms and persuaded them to book up advertising space. In this unauthorised way he collected money all round, calmly issuing forged receipts in return.

Bogus reformation

His inside knowledge of the advertising world was undoubtedly gained when in an alleged effort to "go straight" he actually succeeded in obtaining a post with a big publishing company.

Once installed, however, he speedily abused his position. Securing small orders from traders easily enough he then forged the order forms, making them out for much bigger sums, thus inflating his commission. Of course, this could not last long, but while it did last he did very well for himself.

He has been behind many flamboyant schemes—perhaps the most fantastic being one in which he promised his dupes a return of 60 per cent. on any money they invested through him.

His story, very plausibly told, was that he was confidential adviser to a money-lender, who could get even higher interest, and it is surprising how many people were taken in by him.

The fact that he changes his rôles so quickly makes it difficult to issue any specific warning against him. Descriptions vary but perhaps this outline of some of his more favoured methods of defrauding the public will serve to curb him. We hope so.

Great Animal Lovers Contest Result

The result of the great *Daily Herald* Animal Lovers Contest in aid of the funds of the Royal Veterinary College, with its £10,000 first prize, is published in the *Daily Herald* of Thursday, August 11. Full details of the award and the names of the winners will be published in JOHN BULL next week.

The Human Machine

Living a Dream

SOMEWHERE in every one of us there lives a dream. Each one of us at some time or other has seen a vision and caught a fleeting glimpse of what might be. For we are all capable of thinking better than we do.

Why do so few bring their dreams to reality? Some pretend to scorn them. They dub them unpractical—forgetting that every practical thing around them was once someone's dream. Some fear them. They feel safe in the rut of dull routine, and never dare the step that would put their feet on the upward path.

But most fear the drudgery, the hard labour and the self-sacrifice that every dream demands before it can be captured and put to work for the benefit of mankind.

"Dreams in the night and visions by day," wrote someone recently, "have enabled the great spirits of the race to see the invisible, hear the inaudible, touch the intangible, and accomplish the impossible. To those who have made their dream their driving force towards new reality we owe everything that makes our daily life worth living."

It is, as it always has been, the greatest of the world's tragedies that while everyone with a brain to think and a mind to conceive can see the Gleam, so few are willing to follow it. The world could long ago have been an earthly Paradise if men and women had had the courage to follow out their ideals and labour cheerfully for their convictions.

The world will always laugh at those who see one inch further than their fellows. Let it. You will have the last laugh:—

"Dreamer of dreams! We take the taunt with gladness
Knowing that God, beyond the years you see,
Has wrought the dreams that count with you for madness
Into the texture of the world to be."

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PETER DAWSON

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writes: "Being unusually run down and nervy I was induced by a friend to try a course of VITADATIO, from which I derived great benefit. There is no doubt that your medicine is a tonic *par excellence*. It has done me an immense amount of good, and I can honestly recommend it."

If you are a sufferer—get a bottle to-day.

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 9d. extra, in Great Britain only. Special 21/- Bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from VITADATIO Ltd., ARMLEY, LEEDS.

V158

£700 Cash Won in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 174.

In the above competition, correct solutions were received from the following three competitors, who share the £500 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £166 13s. 4d. will be sent:—

T. Dawson, 29, Church Street, Gt. Harwood, Lancs.
Miss N. Matheson, 172, Drummond Road, Skegness.
D. G. Williams, Gwalia House, Pentardawe.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, August 23rd, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 26 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £3 17s. 0d. As announced, an extra £100 will be divided between the Runners-up from whom two sixpenny coupons were received in the same envelope. The Runners-up are as follows:—

J. R. Annis, 34, Hampshire Street, Hull; Mrs. J. H. Bonser, Spring Lane, Lambley, Notts; Mrs. Brierley, 50, Main Road, Wedwood, Oldham; A. Brown, 42, Kennedy Road, Barking; S. Cameron, 189, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.; E. S. Clark, 32, Wolseley Av., Wimbledon Park, S.W.; Mrs. A. J. Collins, Charlton Park, Wantage, Berks; H. F. Evans, 47a, Brynwern, Pontypool, Mon.; J. Evans, 197, Wensley Street, Blackburn; J. Fettis, 6, Cavendish Road, Birkenhead; E. Foxwood, 11c, Undercliffe Road, Boscombe; H. C. Garner, 64, All Saints Road, Kings Heath, B'ham; D. T. Jones, 19, Park Road, Brynamman, Glam.; F. Knowles, 75, Cambridge Street, Blackburn; W. Montgomery, Augher, Co. Tyrone; J. S. Moore, 92, Victoria Road, Cambridge; E. Pape, 3, Grammar School Road, North Walsham; C. Pallister, 9, Wilton Street, York; Mr. Parsons, 36, Fleetwood Rd., Dollis Hill, N.W.; J. Reid, 16, Larmouth Avenue, Cheadle, Manchester; M. Simpson, 24, Brunswick Street, Leek, Staffs; Mrs. Slater, 28, St. George's Avenue, Southall; J. Steel, 3, Spring Villas, Dymsinder, Littlehampton; A. Taylor, 23, Dresdon Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham; T. Thomas, Uplands, Pontardulais; A. White, 23, Orchesdon Road, Bournemouth.

Great Holiday X-Word with Splendid 2-in-1 First Prize on Page 28. Try Your Skill Now!

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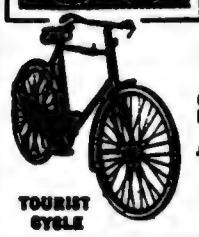

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"JUICE STAINS ON HIS FLANNELS!"

—And the Kiddie one Mass of Bites!"

If you or anyone in your household wears false teeth, one thing is nearly certain—somewhere in the bathroom is a bottle of Milton. And wherever there is Milton there is more than the perfect scientific cleanser of false teeth—there is a friend in a hundred emergencies. Indeed, so many and various are the uses of Milton that it would be impossible even to list them, in this space. That is why, with every bottle, you are presented with one of the most striking documents you have ever read, entitled "154 ways to use Milton."

If you already have a bottle of Milton in the house for one purpose, why not use it for the odd hundred and fifty others? Here is summertime, for instance—a season in which every day brings some fresh need for Milton. White flannels are stained with fruit juice. Milton will remove the stains. Feet are hot and tired. Milton will draw out the weariness in two minutes. Insect bites and heat bumps—Milton will instantly remove the anger and itch. Milton will allay sunburn. Milton will relieve hay-fever. Milton will remove the odour of perspiration. All these things and countless others, diverse though they are, Milton will do for you—not "perhaps," not "doubtfully," but with complete effectiveness.

Read through the booklet enclosed with your bottle. Then—*try* Milton, for any of the purposes on the list. "Miraculous"—will be the word you are looking for!

Infamous SERVANT SCANDAL

The plight of the provincial girl stranded in London is tragic—and dangerous

THERE are 10,000 unattached girls in London who have been brought from all over the country in the expectation of obtaining work.

How slender are their hopes will be realised when we say that of one party of 2,000 from the North of England, only 500 have succeeded in obtaining situations.

The national aspect of this problem has now reached alarming proportions. What is to be the fate of all these surplus young women for whom no useful work can be found?

Within the past ten days several young provincial girls have been found by the police in distressing circumstances in the London streets.

Two of them—Doreen Ettrick and Clarice Sanderson—had left good homes in Liverpool because of stories they had heard of good positions going begging in London.

They were soon sadly disillusioned and were befriended by the police in the small hours of one morning when they were wandering aimlessly about the deserted streets.

The weeping girl

Thanks to a grant from the police funds, they are now safely back in their homes. But for this official intervention their plight would have been desperate indeed.

A similar unhappy experience befell a young Devonshire girl named Jean Suddaby, who was found tramping the streets, weeping bitterly, with no hope of finding a job. She had been in London two weeks and did not like to communicate with her home because her mother was ill.

Then there is the case of Mary Slowe, a seventeen-year-old Newcastle girl, who was recently charged with begging in the London streets. She told the magistrate that she had been in London for twelve weeks, brought there by an employment agency.

During that time she had had four situations, but so degrading were the conditions that she could not stay. She had been sleeping out of doors for three weeks.

The cases we have cited are typical of many.

Thousands of young girls from the distressed areas are being lured to London and other big towns by tempting offers of domestic work and are then left stranded.

Young, inexperienced, unused to the life of a big city, without money or friends, these girls are forced to accept the first job offered them or face the greatest danger of all—in the streets.

This is a very real and deadly menace.

Countless complaints are recorded at Scotland Yard, but unfortunately, owing to the present state of the law, no action can be taken by the police, save in the nature of rescue work.

There is one employment agency in North London which has been bringing motor-coach loads of girls regularly to London on promises of jobs as domestic servants.

Most of them are sent to low-class boarding-houses

In one case, we find, the girl was compelled to sleep in the bathroom. In another she had to sleep on a settee in the living room where she had no privacy whatever and where, although she had to be up before daylight, she had to wait until everybody had gone to bed before she could retire.

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The "lines" comprise a mailbag (for home and office); leather shopping bags; a wringer cover; waterproof sheet for child's cot; holdall bag; a new waterproof apron—and they are all articles which "G. W. B." suggests will help to add considerably to the incomes of those who take up the offer to be representatives of the Belmount Manufacturing Co.

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writes: "Being unusually run down and nervy I was induced by a friend to try a course of VITADATIO, from which I derived great benefit. There is no doubt that your medicine is a tonic *par excellence*. It has done me an immense amount of good, and I can honestly recommend it."

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V158

£700 Cash Won in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 174.

In the above competition, correct solutions were received from the following three competitors, who share the £500 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £166 13s. 4d. will be sent:—

T. Dawson, 29, Church Street, Gt. Harwood, Lancs.
Miss N. Matheson, 172, Drummond Road, Skegness.
D. G. Williams, Gwalia House, Pontardawe.

Anyother entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, August 23rd, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 26 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £3 17s. 0d. As announced, an extra £100 will be divided between the Runners-up from whom two sixpenny coupons were received in the same envelope. The Runners-up are as follow:—

J. R. Annis, 34, Hampshire Street, Hull; Mrs. J. H. Bonser, Spring Lane, Lambley, Notts; Mrs. Brierley, 50, Main Road, Westwood, Oldham; A. Brown, 42, Kennedy Road, Barking; S. Cameron, 189, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.; E. S. Clark, 32, Wolseley Av., Wimbledon Park, S.W.; Mrs. A. J. Collins, Charlton Park, Wantage, Berks; H. F. Evans, 47a, Brynwern, Pontypool, Mon.; J. Evans, 197, Wensley Street, Blackburn; J. Fettis, 6, Cavendish Road, Birkenhead; E. Forwood, 11c, Undercliffe Road, Boscombe; H. C. Garner, 64, All Saints Road, Kings Heath, B'ham; D. T. Jones, 19, Park Road, Brynamman, Glam.; F. Knowles, 75, Cambridge Street, Blackburn; W. Montgomery, Augher, Co. Tyrone; J. S. Moore, 92, Victoria Road, Cambridge; E. Page, 3, Grammar School Road, North Walsham; C. Pulliser, 9, Wilton Street, York; Mr. Parsons, 36, Fleetwood Rd., Dollis Hill, N.W.; J. Reid, 16, Lavmouth Avenue, Chorlton, Manchester; M. Simpson, 24, Brunswick Street, Leek, Staffs; Mrs. Slater, 28, St. George's Avenue, Southall; J. Steel, 3, Spring Villas, Dyninder, Littlehampton; A. Taylor, 23, Dravton Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham; T. Thomas, Uplands, Pontardulais; A. White, 23, Orchesion Road, Bournemouth.

Great Holiday X-Word with Splendid 2-in-1 First Prize on Page 28. Try Your Skill Now!

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DELIVERED FOR 6/-

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DUNLOP HAMMOCK SADDLE	LYCETTE SADDLE
RENOLD CHAIN	RENOLD CHAIN
STURMEY ARCHER 3-SPEED	CHROMIUM PLATED
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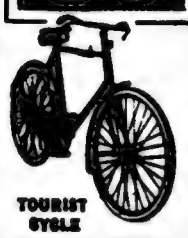

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"JUICE STAINS ON HIS FLANNELS!

—And the Kiddie one Mass of Bites!"

If you or anyone in your household wears false teeth, one thing is nearly certain—somewhere in the bathroom is a bottle of Milton. And wherever there is Milton there is more than the perfect scientific cleanser of false teeth—there is a friend in a hundred emergencies. Indeed, so many and various are the uses of Milton that it would be impossible even to list them, in this space. That is why, with every bottle, you are presented with one of the most striking documents you have ever read, entitled "154 ways to use Milton."

If you already have a bottle of Milton in the house for one purpose, why not use it for the odd hundred and fifty others! Here is summertime, for instance—a season in which every day brings some fresh need for Milton. White flannels are stained with fruit juice. Milton will remove the stains. Feet are hot and tired. Milton will draw out the weariness in two minutes. Insect bites and heat bumps—Milton will instantly remove the anger and itch. Milton will allay sunburn. Milton will relieve hay-fever. Milton will remove the odour of perspiration. All these things and countless others, diverse though they are, Milton will do for you—not "perhaps," not "doubtfully," but with complete effectiveness.

Read through the booklet enclosed with your bottle. Then—*try* Milton, for any of the purposes on the list. "Miraculous"—will be the word you are looking for!

Infamous SERVANT SCANDAL

The plight of the provincial girl stranded in London is tragic—and dangerous

THERE are 10,000 unattached girls in London who have been brought from all over the country in the expectation of obtaining work.

How slender are their hopes will be realised when we say that of one party of 2,000 from the North of England, only 500 have succeeded in obtaining situations.

The national aspect of this problem has now reached alarming proportions. What is to be the fate of all these surplus young women for whom no useful work can be found?

Within the past ten days several young provincial girls have been found by the police in distressing circumstances in the London streets.

Two of them—Doreen Ettrick and Clarice Sanderson—had left good homes in Liverpool because of stories they had heard of good positions going begging in London.

They were soon sadly disillusioned and were befriended by the police in the small hours of one morning when they were wandering aimlessly about the deserted streets.

The weeping girl

Thanks to a grant from the police funds, they are now safely back in their homes. But for this official intervention their plight would have been desperate indeed.

A similar unhappy experience befell a young Devonshire girl named Jean Suddaby, who was found tramping the streets, weeping bitterly, with no hope of finding a job. She had been in London two weeks and did not like to communicate with her home because her mother was ill.

Then there is the case of Mary Slowe, a seventeen-year-old Newcastle girl, who was recently charged with begging in the London streets. She told the magistrate that she had been in London for twelve weeks, brought there by an employment agency.

During that time she had had four situations, but so degrading were the conditions that she could not stay. She had been sleeping out of doors for three weeks.

The cases we have cited are typical of many.

Thousands of young girls from the distressed areas are being lured to London and other big towns by tempting offers of domestic work and are then left stranded.

Young, inexperienced, unused to the life of a big city, without money or friends, these girls are forced to accept the first job offered them or face the greatest danger of all—in the streets.

This is a very real and deadly menace.

Countless complaints are recorded at Scotland Yard, but unfortunately, owing to the present state of the law, no action can be taken by the police, save in the nature of rescue work.

There is one employment agency in North London which has been bringing motor-coach loads of girls regularly to London on promises of jobs as domestic servants.

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In one case, we find, the girl was compelled to sleep in the bathroom. In another she had to sleep on a settee in the living room where she had no privacy whatever and where, although she had to be up before daylight, she had to wait until everybody had gone to bed before she could retire.

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It Might

THE AGONISING ORDEAL of a GOOD MAN who went to JAIL

NO self-respecting man, who prides himself upon his honesty and considers himself a good citizen, ever expects to go to jail.

But in these days the best of us are liable to be torn from our families and made to suffer ignominy as if we were common felons.

It might happen to you; it certainly happened to me.

I am just an average citizen—a married man, with a wife and two children.

I have been a householder and a ratepayer now for ten years, my profession being that of an electrical engineer.

Until recently I have encountered no difficulties that I could not overcome, but to-day I am temporarily overwhelmed by waves of trouble which have all seemed to come together.

Sickness in the family, financial losses and a long spell of unemployment have combined to tax my modest resources to the limit.

I have always been in the habit of paying all debts promptly, but because of the troubles I have mentioned I fell in arrears with my rates to the extent of £7 15s.

It was disturbing to receive a summons in respect of this comparatively small sum, and I immediately called on my local rate-collector to explain my position and ask his advice.

He very kindly promised me an extension of time, and said he would explain my position to the Court. I, in turn, promised to raise the necessary money as soon as possible.

Arrested!

Then, barely two weeks after this interview, I was stopped in the street by a stranger, who said he was a plain clothes officer and held a warrant for my arrest for non-payment of rates.

My first thought, on recovering from the initial shock of this encounter, was for my wife and children, for I pride myself on being a good husband and a kind father.

I was barely five minutes' walk from my home, but the officer would not listen to my appeal to be allowed to go, under his escort, to explain the situation to my wife.

It was useless to argue. I had to suffer myself to be led away, though if I could have got into touch with relatives, ways and means could have been found of raising the necessary £7 15s. for which I was now to be flung into jail.

You can imagine my feelings on finding myself in a cell at the local police-station, and I was feeling sick with anguish and vexation when a policeman came to interrogate me through the grating in the door.

He seemed a kindly disposed fellow, with big blue eyes and a pleasant Irish accent, but our conversation had to be brief and formal.

When he had confirmed that I was married, had two children, was unemployed and had been arrested for rates, he left me, saying that I should probably be removed to prison in about an hour.

I was more anxious about my family than anything. I knew they would be worried by my non-appearance, because I had been on my way home at the time of my arrest.

So I asked if it would be possible for a plain clothes man to be sent up to my house to notify my wife as gently as possible, because she suffered a great deal with her heart and a sudden shock might easily prove harmful to her health.

Wife's horror

After some considerable delay my request was partly granted, my wife being told to come along at once to the police-station as I was shortly to be removed to prison.

I afterwards learnt that a uniformed officer had been despatched on this mission and my poor wife was absolutely distracted. Not being told that I was simply being held for rates, she imagined all sorts of things and rushed from the house, leaving the children alone in her excitement.

I was terribly pained, on being led from my cell to meet her, to find her trembling from head to foot and looking ghastly pale. I did my best to calm her, and told her not to worry, as I was certain arrangements could be made for some relative or business friend to lend us the money.

But, just as I was telling her that I should be back home with her and the children in a few hours, a "Black Maria" drew into the station yard and I was escorted to it.

Even as the door slammed behind me I could hear my wife's impulsive sobs, and at that moment a perfectly law-abiding citizen was in danger of being converted into a desperate rebel!

Very Black Maria

But what could I do? I was locked in the smallest of cells within that gloomy van, with barely room to move.

My cramped cubicle was one of six or eight—I was too upset to count—and facing me was a young woman, who was screaming and sobbing alternately.

I do not know who designed this particular "Black Maria"; he has probably passed from this world long ago. But those responsible for passing such vehicles for use ought to be made to take a three hours' ride across country in one!

My own journey lasted for exactly two-and-a-half hours, and it was an ordeal I should not care to undergo again. There were frequent stops at various police-stations to pick up other prisoners of all types, and long before the journey's end was reached the air inside the van was stifling.

It was a relief in a way to be turned over to a warder at the prison to which I was eventually taken, though now I knew I was rubbing shoulders with all kinds of criminals.

After preliminary particulars had been taken we were marched away in file and allotted temporary cells.

Within a quarter of an hour I was visited by a warder who brought me some bread and margarine and a large cup of cocoa.

A wait of half-an-hour, then I was plunged into prison routine, which began with the recording of intimate details of my personal appearance, such as colour of eyes, colour of hair, complexion, state of teeth and facial markings.

Next I was made to strip and stand on the scales. Then all my personal effects were taken from my pockets and recorded in a book which I was called upon to sign.

This was followed by a compulsory bath in a communal bathroom under the eye of a vigilant warder.

Then the prison doctor ran a cursory eye over me and asked whether I had any ailments. He seemed rather bored with his task, and as new prisoners passed before him in rapid succession he decreed whether they were fit for light or heavy duty.

Eventually I found myself in my cell, equipped with a prison badge and number by which I was henceforth to be known. A key turned, and I was locked up for the night.

One strip of matting lay upon the

t have Happened to YOU!

stone floor. I had a chair, a small table fixed to the wall, bed boards, two sheets, two blankets, a hard straw pillow, a wash bowl, a basin and a drinking mug.

While I was glancing idly at the copy of "Prison Rules and Regulations" which hung in my cell I saw that No. 16 contained a spark of humanity. It read:

"If at any time during the day you wish to write to relatives or friends with the object of asking them to come forward with the necessary money to pay off your debt, you will be allowed to ask your warder for pen, ink and paper."

As my wife and children had been ever in my thoughts, here was an opportunity for getting some comforting word to them. I immediately rang my cell bell.

After a wait of ten minutes the warder appeared and gruffly demanded to know what I wanted.

I said I wished to write home, and should be obliged if I could be given pen, ink and paper. He seemed staggered by my request, so I humbly cited Rule 16.

"You can't write anything tonight; it's too late," was the disheartening reply. "Don't ring again; make your application in the morning."

It was only 5.30 p.m., but I could not remonstrate. Feeling physically and mentally exhausted, I threw myself on my bed and tried to rest.

The night dragged on unendingly, and I slept only in snatches. The morning sun, filtering through my tiny, barred window, brought unspeakable relief and I roused up with renewed hope.

Days of despair

But presently a heavy bell began to peal monotonously, and when it had continued for about ten minutes I felt thoroughly depressed again, for a warder now passed down the passage, unlocking the cell doors and shouting out perfunctory orders.

"Bed boards up! Make bed! Empty slops; clean cell windows; scrub out cell; scrub table and chair and have everything ready for inspection before breakfast."

I did my best at these unaccustomed tasks, but the inspecting warder who later came round likewise did *his* best to find fault with my efforts.

Breakfast, consisting of unsweetened porridge, one piece of bread with margarine and a cup of tea, was soon over. Then the daily task of stitching post-office mailbags commenced.

I was pleased to have something to do, and the time went fairly quickly until 9 a.m., when I was marched out with other prisoners for an hour's exercise, which consisted of walking round and round the exercise yard, two abreast.

We were allowed to talk, but no one seemed to be in a very sociable mood. And what was there to talk about? We were all merely numbers. "When did you come in?" "How long have you got?" Such queries were put and answered tonelessly by the majority; but a few, who were due for release, were a little more talkative.

After exercise we collected our sewing from our cells and were taken to a big workroom to go on with our task for a two-hour stretch.

The mid-day meal made a break; then, after more sewing, we were paraded for the afternoon's exercise.

I had noticed that we had not completed our full hour in the morning, and now our supposed period of exercise was again cut short and we were marched back to the workroom to continue our sewing till 4 p.m.

Next we were told to stand to attention outside our cells to await our combined tea and supper ration, which turned out to be cocoa, bread and margarine as on the night before.

So, my first day over, I found myself locked up for the night, and I consider the solitary confinement from late afternoon to early the following morning to be the worst part of a rate-defaulter's prison life.

The routine I have described continued with soul-shattering monotony until Sunday, when I found Church parade a welcome break.

I was seated immediately behind a man awaiting trial for murder, who, I afterwards learnt, was being kept under observation in the prison hospital. I came to know his story.

He had worked as an engine-driver for thirty-three years, during which time he had an excellent character, and had proved a good and faithful husband.

Staring eyes . . .

Then one day he was told that he would no longer be required; a vote of thanks was offered for his long and faithful service, as a reward for which he was being pensioned off.

He returned home and, doubtless in a sudden brain storm, was alleged to have battered his wife to death with a poker.

When I saw him in the prison chapel his face looked terrible, and his eyes were wide open in an everlasting stare. He had then been under observation for four weeks, and in that short time, the Chaplain told me, appeared to have aged by twenty years.

I saw one man get into serious trouble through sheer innocence. When ordered to scrub out his cell he ventured to explain that he was "only in for rates," so he presumed he would not be classed as other prisoners.

For that innocent remark he was immediately locked in his cell, reported for insolence and put on bread and water for twenty-four hours.

"Only in for rates." I'm afraid that is the thoughtless way in which most people think about it—if they think about it at all. I know that it characterises the view I myself entertained before my own ordeal.

The road back

I served a week which seemed like a month. I only won release then because relatives came to my rescue and lent me the money to discharge my debt.

Before I was discharged there was a weary tour of the prison under escort, handing back all the articles of kit that had been issued to me. I had to sign numerous books, and then with due ceremony all my personal effects were handed back to me, with my small change, amounting to 11s. 5d.

Seeing this, the warder conducting my discharge asked me quietly what it was worth to me if I could get out within fifteen minutes.

I offered him five shillings, which he readily accepted.

I wonder if his conscience ever gave him a twinge for having taken away nearly half of a poor debtor's capital. I doubt it.

NOT a criminal, but an honest citizen who was down on his luck. Here is shown the tragic sequence of his contact with the Law . . . The average family man—the arrest—the Black Maria ordeal—the final ignominy. And—it might have happened to you!

In Love with her New White Skin

Do you want a skin that is white, soft and smooth—the kind of skin all men love and admire? Recent tests reveal that any woman can now easily whiten, soften and beautify her skin simply by the daily use of Crème Tokalon, White Colour (non-greasy). It now contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil combined with whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients. Instantly penetrates, soothes irritated skin glands and contracts enlarged pores. Blackheads are dissolved and fall away. Wrinkles of fatigue vanish in one application. Keeps the driest skin delicately moist. Takes the shine off an oily or greasy skin. This new Crème Tokalon, White Colour, quickly gives indescribable new skin beauty and freshness—such as can be obtained in no other way.

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Wet Eruptions On Head. Healed by Cuticura.

"The trouble first began with sore eruptions forming on my little girl's neck. Later wet, sore eruptions broke out on her head and quickly spread. They were very itchy and caused many sleepless nights. I had to cut her hair off to help get rid of the trouble.

"I tried different ointments but they did not help her. Cuticura Soap and Ointment were recommended to me so I sent for a free sample of each. After using them I purchased more and in a short time she was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. Twyman, 4, Church Street Cottages, Margate, Kent, Eng.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for daily toilet purposes.

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Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

Mel Dade

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1/- per box of 12 Cubes with Glass Crusher, or 1d. per cube. Obtainable from Chemists, Grocers, including Co-operative Societies, Confectioners, Stores, and all Boots and Taylor's Branches.

K. Dean-Davies & Co., 35, Dale St., Liverpool.

The Adventures of a Rolling Stone

I am the CATSPAW

IT'S funny how you can suddenly come to anchor after wandering half across the world. That's what happened to me when I came to London, after working my passage home from Central America.

I seemed to settle down into an aimless existence in the dockland area, and I was in danger of becoming a worthless loafer.

My home was a cheap lodging-house, frequented by all kinds and conditions of men. There were a good many shady characters among my fellow-lodgers, but my guardian angel kept me from becoming involved in any criminal enterprise.

I used to earn occasional coppers by carrying sailors' bags, but I'm afraid I did no real work.

There was one man in the lodging-house who never joined in the ordinary run of talk and used to sit apart. He was always reserved and the others left him alone, but he was always kind to me.

Many is the cup of tea I've drunk at his expense. His name was Jim Sullivan. He used to sit in his own corner working away at dartboards which he sold to all the public-houses in the neighbourhood—the Oporto, Blue Posts, the Eastern and the Star of the East.

And as he was a quiet-spoken man it surprised me to hear him speaking in a high-pitched voice with a hawker of puzzles and postcards one day whilst I was washing my only shirt.

"What about the pliers and that tuppence you had off me?" I heard Jim say.

"Well, what about them?" said the other.

"About time I had them back, isn't it?"

"Well, and you'll get them back."

"When will I?"

"When I think right."

"I'll give you till six to-night, that's all," and with that he was gone.

It was about four in the afternoon and I felt interested. I knew the pub. where they would be at six, so I dried my shirt, put on a clean collar, wiped my boots with my cap and went off.

SURE enough the hawker was sitting alone in a snuggery in front of his pint mug. I stole off to another corner and ordered half a pint. Then somewhere outside over the rattle of horse trams came the six strokes of a clock and in walked Jim Sullivan.

It was all over in a second, he just slung an arm round the hawker's neck—but the arm held a bare razor. I jumped up and shrieked. The hawker just collapsed off his chair—his throat was cut across.

It was all so glaring and so sudden that no one grasped what had occurred.

Jim Sullivan was the only one to keep his head. He walked straight out and gave himself up. I never heard what became of him.

I was now thoroughly frightened and felt somehow guilty. I was afraid of being called to give evidence against Jim, and determined to run away again to sea.

That same night I secured a cabin boy's job on an English ship Baltic bound.

I didn't know then what it was going to be like on that ship. If I had, I'd have gone through with the Old Bailey—evidence and all.

She was about 1,000 tons, taking mixed cargo and calling at Reval, Libau and St. Petersburg.

There was a man on the ship called Carl, a Pole. I don't know if that was his real name, but it was the one he went by.

He was a great broad shouldered, curly-headed, laughing giant who shipped as bos'un.

I would have done anything for Carl and Carl certainly did a great deal for me. He was a bit of a pugilist, he knew the noble art, did Carl.

We had a punchball rigged up aft and he showed me how to hit it and get out of the way.

"We may find it useful sooner than you think, lad," he would say, and I often wondered whether he meant anything I couldn't quite guess at.

But nothing unusual happened until we anchored off St. Petersburg and began to discharge our cargo.

Then as I was leaning over the taffrail at a slack moment, gazing at all the gold and brightly-coloured domes of the Tsar's capital, Carl came up and stood by me.

"Would you do me a great favour, my boy?" he asked.

"For you, Carl? Rather!"

"That's very good of you. Well, it's just this. I've got a bale in the hold that I want to land without passing it through the Customs.

"You know the people here are all very poor and hungry and this has food in it, but I can't afford the duty. It's for some of my family on shore.

"Now I'm going to get the bale out of the hold as soon as it gets dark. I want you to slip a rope round it. Then as soon as you see and hear a small boat come alongside will you slip it over to them?"

"Certainly, Carl."

"All right, come up about ten and you'll find me and the bale, for'ard just over there."

I didn't worry my head about it much. At ten I came up on deck and there the bale was just where Carl had said that I should find it.

The bale lay on deck at the mouth of the hold. It was smaller than most of those we carried.

It was also less neatly packed, an odd dumpy looking object which stuck out unexpectedly in all directions and showed every sign of hurried and careless packing. But there was no Carl.

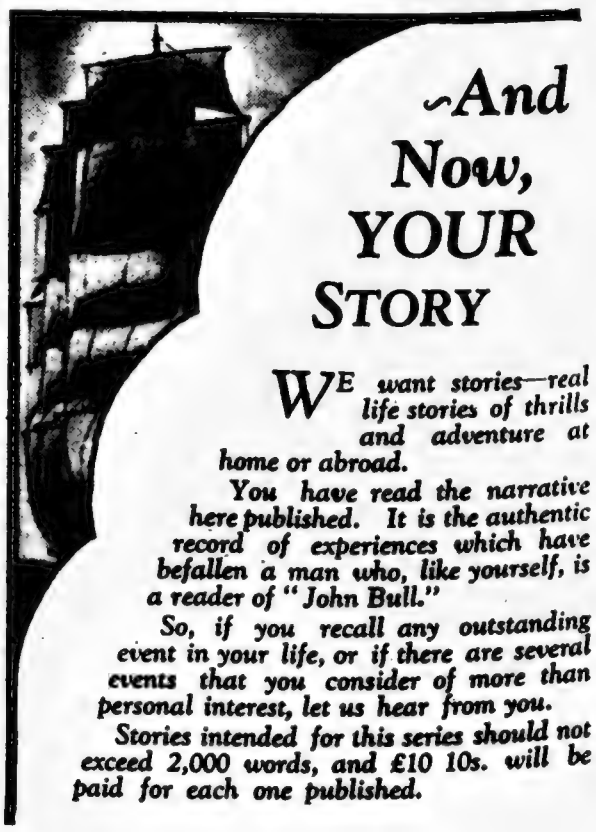
I FELT frightened. To begin with I was alone on deck, where I had no right to be, then I had read Russian stories and my mind was full of infernal machines that went off when touched, and, lastly, there was no Carl to be seen.

My thoughts were interrupted by the splash of oars alongside and a long, low whistle came out of the darkness.

Then I decided. I would not let Carl down after everything that he had done to help me. I ran on tiptoe to the bale, picked up the rope that had been left beside it and began to tie a knot.

Slowly across the face of the bay the white beam of a searchlight moved to and fro. The whistle came again, this time it seemed to have an anxious note in it. By now I had tied up my bale and dragged it up to the vessel's side. Then, with all my might, I lifted it over the taffrail.

That very moment there came the blinding glare of the searchlight full in



...And Now, YOUR STORY

WE want stories—real life stories of thrills and adventure at home or abroad.

You have read the narrative here published. It is the authentic record of experiences which have befallen a man who, like yourself, is a reader of "John Bull."

So, if you recall any outstanding event in your life, or if there are several events that you consider of more than personal interest, let us hear from you.

Stories intended for this series should not exceed 2,000 words, and £10 10s. will be paid for each one published.

BABES in the FIRE

JEAN the kiddie whose photograph appears above, is only four, but she has recently been through a great adventure. A fire broke out in the room next to the one in which she, her dad and her mother with her six-weeks-old twins were sleeping.

"My wife grabbed the twins and ran downstairs, and I caught up Jean," said her father. "She screamed when I ran with her through the flames, but she is none the worse now."

Her parents, unfortunately, are a good deal the worse for the adventure. They occupied a furnished room, and they get no compensation. The twins' cot and Jean's high chair, and practically all their clothes were destroyed.

The relative who sheltered the family after the fire is in poor circumstances and has not the necessary accommodation so that Jean's parents need money for a room and some simple furniture, which they cannot afford out of the unemployment pay.

Jean's father is very despondent, for he has been out of work for twenty months; only a few odd jobs have come his way during that time.

"I am fed up with my own helplessness," he said. "We have had so much disappointment and trouble that I am getting used to anything, but my wife is one in a hundred thousand, and I should like to do something for her. She is still under the doctor."

Our readers can do a great deal for the father and mother of Jean and the baby twins.

Donations earmarked for Jean will help to bring about this happiness. They should be addressed to the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 and will be acknowledged by post where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions can be seen at this office, and a copy of the current week's donations will be sent on application.

a John Bull Reader's Own Story

in an Anarchist Plot

Somewhere outside over the rattle of horse trams came the six strokes of a clock, and in walked Jim Sullivan . . .

my face and out of the night came a series of short, sharp shots like an array of Chinese crackers.

I dropped the bale into the boat and at the very moment I was relieved of its weight a shot that sounded louder than the others came racketing out of the sky.

Back I jumped, forgetting the yawning mouth of the hold at my heels. Back, and then down, down into the dark.

WHEN I recovered consciousness, I was lying in a hospital cot, a racking ache in my poor little head and a sharp stabbing pain in my elbow. I wanted to cry out—to move in bed. A silver-headed lady in a nurse's white dress came over to me.

"There now—lie still—are you feeling better?"

"Just a little—please, Ma'am, where am I?"

"You are in the Peter and Paul Hospital."

"Am I in St. Petersburg?"

She nodded and smiled. "You must be quick and get better."

Meanwhile it was all coming back to me. The bale, the shot—and one resolve above all others was shaping in my mind—I must not betray Carl. Vaguely I lost the consciousness of what went on around me.

I have heard a lot of talk of Russia. I never bothered my head over politics, but one hears opinions—all kinds of them. I can only say what I know, but I want to say this—I want John Bull to say this—that in none of the ports where a ragged and penniless cabin-boy was cast adrift did I meet with such hospitality—such genuine Christian care, from high and low alike, as I did in St. Petersburg.

I lay in hospital till I was well and my elbow bone mended. I often wish I could have done something to show my gratitude to the beautiful elderly lady who nursed me—she was some high-up countess; I saw her photograph the other day among a pile of executed bodies. She never asked me any questions, nor did the others, and I'm glad I never needed to lie to her.

One morning the nurse told me that there were three gentlemen downstairs who wanted to talk to me.

"Now don't be frightened—just tell them everything you know and nobody will hurt you."

She beckoned to another nurse. They moved a screen round my bed and set out some chairs. Presently three men came to my bedside and sat down. They all looked very serious, and one took out a note book.

"You don't know me, of course," he said in perfect English, "but I am the company's agent here in Petersburg, and there are one or two things I must ask you, please."

"Yes, sir."

"In the first place, how did you come to be lying on your back unconscious in the steamer's hold?"

"I fell into it, sir, in the dark."

"Did you trip over anything?"

"I think there was a rope across the deck, because I seem to remember stumbling." It was all coming pat now.

The three began to chatter quickly to each other.

"Now, do you know how the rope came to be there?"

"No, sir."

"Did you see a bale lying anywhere?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know what was in it?"

"No, sir."

"THEN you just came on deck, not knowing the hold was open, fell over a rope in the dark and dropped into the hold—is that so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you. Well, we shan't need you any more."

They talked away in Russian and his two companions (they were detectives) went off. When they were gone he said to me more quietly:

"Do you know what the bale contained, my boy?"

"No, sir, I swear on my honour."

"It contained parts of bombs, and things to make explosives and thousands of pamphlets printed in England with lies to make the people take arms against Christ and the Tsar."

"May I ask you something, sir?"

"Well, what is it?"

"There was a man called Carl—our bos'un."

"Yes. He's dead."

"Dead, sir?"

"An officer found him breaking into the strong room on the voyage back and shot him. I shouldn't ask too many questions. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, sir," I said. That night my pillow was wet with tears.

I would have liked to stay and live in Russia, but I had my living to earn, and so I shipped to Hull with timber.

After being paid off I took the opportunity to visit my parents at York, whom I had not seen for three years, and while I was with them my life was interrupted by the outbreak of war.

The war found me a boy and left me a man—that is all I want to say of it. I went through it all in France. And when it was all over I found my love for the sea greater than ever and made up my mind to take up the thread where it was snapped at Hull.

(To be continued)

Next week our reader concludes his narrative with recollections of a thrilling year spent among the Eskimos in Greenland

Two Vital Words

Those two words "Free Insurance" . . . They have become part of our very existence, a sure shield in time of trouble. But John Bull's Great Free Family Insurance, like John Bull itself, has a character of its own.

Readers enjoy *exclusive* benefits offered by no other publication. John Bull is the only paper to cover the reader against the risk of Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness—dangers which are ever present and against which none is immune.

If you are already a registered reader, we should like to remind you that you are still covered against risk while you are on holiday in Great Britain, Channel Islands, or the Isle of Man. There is one condition—in the event of a claim you will be required to show that you purchased your John Bull whilst away.

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200 different varieties

One of the 200 varieties (1932 design) here shown less than half actual size.

No coupons to collect; *really* free. The Continent has been scoured for all the latest and loveliest designs in bead necklaces. Many shops ask 1/6d. or 2/6d. for costume jewellery of this quality. To celebrate our 8th Anniversary, we are putting one of these fashionable necklaces into every 1/6d. and 2/6d. packet of Radox. (The 2/6d. quality necklace is found in the 2/6d. packet.) 200 charming varieties have been packed. You can therefore be certain that *your* necklace will be interestingly different from your friend's.

Now is the time to prove that fragrant Radox footbaths remove corns bodily—change tired, burning, aching feet into active, cool and comfortable ones.

Get a 1/6d. (ten ounce) or 2/6d. (double quantity) packet of Radox from your chemist to-day. Ask for the Birthday packet (green seal on top) with the charming free necklace enclosed

Was great Sufferer from Anæmia

"I feel I cannot speak too highly of Iron Jelloids. I have been a great sufferer from Anæmia, and have tried other remedies, but with no lasting effect; Iron Jelloids gradually built up my strength. I feel quite strong and well again . . . I know of nothing so good as Iron Jelloids."—Mrs. H. C. V.

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Iron Jelloids fortify the blood so that it carries a full load of life-giving oxygen to every part of the system, thereby revitalising every organ, nerve and tissue. Thus Iron Jelloids act as a true and lasting tonic. There is a sustained rise in your health-tone. Iron Jelloids are easy and pleasant to take. They do not injure or blacken the teeth; nor cause indigestion or constipation. Doctors advise one during or after meals, three times a day.

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The Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., Watford.

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS *Probed by* PHILIP INMAN

Should she DENY HERSELF *that* BABY?

A LEADING official of the Ministry of Health has been talking about the C3 children in our midst. He went on to say: "If you give me a great race of mothers, I will promise you a great race of children."

With some of the conditions prevailing to-day he might as well ask for the moon.

Not long ago I was talking with a man whose youngest child was a patient in a hospital. He had lost his wife when his baby was born, and there were five other children left on his hands.

With a great bitterness he said: "I was unemployed when this youngster was coming, and my missus had to rough it. Many a day there was not enough food to go round, and she went without. When the time came the child lived and she died."

That woman was a victim of the struggle for existence.

Economic conditions are literally playing hell with many people to-day.

We talk about the falling birth-rate—but is that to be wondered at? There are thousands of young married couples who desire to have children, but who are gravely concerned as to whether it is fair to bring them into a world while conditions are what they are.

Here is one of the many letters on the subject I have received:—

"I am going to be married shortly, and both my fiancé and I are extremely fond of children. But he thinks it would be unfair to bring them into a world so depressed by economic conditions.

"It is the only source of trouble between us. I accuse him of being unnatural whilst he says I am only looking at things from a selfish point of view. Am I? I cannot tolerate the thought of a childless home.

"Please do not think me indelicate for asking your advice on this matter, but I do so want to make a success of my married life."

Now let us consider this problem. That girl condemns her fiancé as unnatural. He accuses her of being selfish. Which is right? A good deal depends upon the answer to these questions.

Are they both healthy? Is he in work? And can they afford to look after children if they have them? If "yes" is the answer, then I think the girl's standpoint is the right one.

What is the man afraid of? Is he apprehensive that any child of his may have to rough it? After all, the children of the coming generation cannot experience worse things than we have had to endure as a result of the world war—its consequent unemployment and distress.

To refrain from having children simply because times generally are bad is a cowardly way of looking at things.

And he must look at the question from another standpoint. I presume he is marrying that girl because he loves her and wants to make her happy. But how can she be really happy if the greatest desire of her life is thwarted?

A man may have many interests, his work, his friends, and his sports. A wife is naturally confined more to her home. If she wants children and is denied them, then hers will be a very lonely existence.

Byron was right. "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart—'tis woman's whole existence."

* * *

I have much sympathy for a Lancashire correspondent and his wife. He writes:—

"During our married life of fifteen months I have only had three or four weeks' work. My wife, in order to make ends meet, went to work in the mills, and is earning twenty-eight shillings a week. I am on the 'dole,' but receive only six shillings a week, as the Public Assistance Committee say that thirty-four shillings a week should be sufficient for us to live on.

"My wife is very anxious to have a baby, but I point out to her that she would have to give up her work, and if my 'dole' were increased it would certainly be less than we receive now, and we should have another mouth to feed.

"We are both young, and I have asked her to wait for another year in the hope that by that time we shall be better off. But she does not agree with me."

I feel sorry for both these young people. That girl has probably a strong maternal instinct, which is being starved. She sees other married women around her with children, and she feels a great urge to be a mother, too.

But I must say I think her husband is right. He is taking a more long-sighted view of things. He knows that through his unfortunate unemployment his wife would be deprived of many of the necessities of life at a time when she would need them most. He knows, too, that any child born to them would enter the world under the most unfavourable conditions.

I know what that means from my own daily experience. Hospital life is a great educator. Malnutrition and rickets are words in common vogue to-day, and these ailments are caused simply from lack of nourishment. There can be nothing worse on this earth than for a devoted husband to see his wife and child in a plight of this kind.

So as my correspondent and his wife are still young, a year will make very little difference to them. And I hope devoutly that by that time the husband will have found work, and be in more comfortable circumstances.

* * *

The letter from my third correspondent is on an entirely different plane. It is written by a girl reader who is to be married next month.

Both she and her future husband are passionately fond of children, and from what she tells me their position will be one of moderate comfort, so that they can well afford to have a family. But just recently a doubt has come into her mind. This is the cause of it:—

"My oldest and closest friend, whose opinion I respect, was married three years ago, and she has two delightful children, a boy and a girl. But she keeps telling me what a trouble they are and how they prevent her going out with her husband. She says that if she could have her time over again she would never have had them.

"I wonder if she is right? I am so much in love with my fiancé, and would not like anything, even children, to come between us."

Are children a trouble and a tie? They are—to people like the friend of my correspondent. They do bring work, and care, and sometimes anxiety, but that is only part of the story. As for being a tie, it is one that often binds husband and wife more closely together.

That girl should read the letters I receive from childless homes. Some of them are pathetic in the extreme. They come from men and women who are growing old and whose hearts are filled with a great yearning. "If only we had had a family," they say, "it would have made all the difference."

The mother-hearted woman who is denied children is losing one of the greatest joys in life.

In my old home there used to hang a motto-card with these words on it: "What is home without a mother?" and it might just as truthfully be asked, "What is home without a child?"

Children are the most worth-while possession in the world.

LET "Humanist" help you! There is no greater student of human psychology writing to-day. He will be glad to give advice on your problems. Write to him about them, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. One guinea will be paid to every reader whose letter he quotes.

"They bring work, and care, and sometimes anxiety; but that is only part of the story..."

Homely Wisdom—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

DEFEATISM

A FRIEND of mine writing from America tells me that the mood of the people of that great young country just now is what he calls defeatism.

The Americans, he says, have been so used to prosperity that they do not endure adversity well. He is particularly struck with the contrast in this respect between America and Great Britain. The American loses his head and screams when things go wrong with him, whereas the stolid Briton retains his self-control and allows nothing to rattle him: the worse things are, the stiffer he stands.

I do not believe that the American nation as a whole is what is here portrayed; they are a high-spirited people who will not lie down under misfortune of any kind. But it is quite true that the British are by temperament less liable to be dismayed by bad trouble. Over and over again in our history this old country of ours has come out victorious from what seemed a hopeless situation, simply because she would not give way.

"England has saved herself by her exertions," cried the great William Pitt, "and she will yet save Europe by her example." This was at the greatest crisis in our national fortunes, except that through which we are living now; and it looks as though history were repeating itself once more, for the whole world is looking to us for a lead in sanity and firm resolve to conquer our ills.

But how often in private life we hear people preaching defeatism or exhibiting it in their own weak and selfish conduct!

Most of the moral and nervous breakdowns that take place around us are due to lack of staying power. There are many individuals who can bear themselves with credit while things are going well with them, but who cannot stand the least reverse. Some very ugly traits of character are apt to come out under the stress of long-continued ill-luck. The man you thought magnanimous turns mean; the person that others looked up to has no lead to give; the hero turns coward, the friend of big pretensions a sorry disappointment.

On the other hand, how magnificently a fine nature reveals its lustre at such a time! Perhaps the person you least expected to shoulder a burden for you is the very one to do it, and without any fuss or self-praise.

The bombastic talker sits down and wrings his hands when the hour of trial comes. The quiet helper stands by you and does his best, and by his calm demeanour puts new heart into you.

More often than not a woman proves herself stronger than a man in a long-drawn-out period of strain and privation, for women excel in patience and sustained self-sacrifice wherever they give their love. This is one of the divine marvels that sweeten our earthly life.

To be in the company of some people is to have all the vitality sucked out of you by their dreary complaints and prophecies of evil. Avoid them like the plague unless your courage and faith are strong enough to create an atmosphere in which gloom cannot live.

Defeat the defeatists wherever you find them, and the world will greet you with a smiling face.

Why Millionaires often pay less

for their medicines and dispensing

Limousines draw noiselessly to the kerb... Millionaires in Bond Street—relying on the advice of their doctors—take their prescriptions to Boots. They can rely on Boots tested drugs! And if Boots are less expensive, so much the better!

Same low prices—same tested medicines—same reliable dispensing—at Boots in Bond Street as at Boots near your home . . .

MILLIONAIRES can afford the best, no matter what it costs—and nothing less than the best will do. That is why Bond Street is the most exclusive shopping street in the world.

Limousines draw noiselessly to the kerb. Wealthy people calling with prescriptions from their Harley Street specialists . . . others calling for medicines . . . others for their own special toilet things!

But even millionaires don't want to waste money. They rely on their doctors to tell them where to buy the best medicines and Dispensing Service. And if the best happens to cost less—well, millionaires are glad to save the difference just like anyone else.

Doctors send millionaires to Boots—Boots medicines tested by analysts

That is why there is a Boots shop in New Bond Street, *even though Boots medicines and dispensing actually cost less.* Doctors tell even their wealthiest patients to go to Boots. They know that every Boots medicine is perfectly reliable—it has been tested and re-tested for utmost purity by analysts in the vast laboratories at Nottingham.

And doctors know that Boots will dispense their prescriptions accurately. No Boots drug is ever used in dispensing until the analysts at Nottingham have first made certain its strength and purity are both exactly right!

Wealth no advantage—money can't buy more than the best

The enormous demand for Boots tested drugs (*over* 129,000,000 *customers every year!*) means that this vast organization of national chemists can work with less profit from each sale—so Boots prices are lower. You save money by going to Boots. Even millionaires go to Boots, and save money, because they know that all the money in the world cannot buy more than the best.

Bond Street service near your own home

The Boots shop at No. 16 New Bond Street with all its wealthy customers is *run in exactly the same way as the Boots shop near your home*—the same low prices, the same tested medicines, the same courteous service.

Take your prescription to Boots. Go there for your medicinal needs. You can be certain that every Boots medicine is as perfect as science can make it. And you pay less!

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SPARKLING HEALTH SALT—4½d; 8d

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A sparkling health drink. Cools the blood and clears the skin. Take one or two teaspoonfuls twice daily for headaches, heartburn or bilious attacks. As an aperient to cleanse the stomach and liver—two teaspoonfuls in warm water on rising.

The Boots Chemists

DISPENSING CHEMISTS

THERE ARE BOOTS SHOPS AT ALL THE LARGER SEASIDE RESORTS

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Nottingham

Let CRICKET Stay CRICKET

by J. C. W. MACBRYAN
The Somerset Cricketer

DURING the cricket season which is now drawing to a close there have been many attempts to tinker with cricket. There has once more been a revival of the old criticisms that the great summer game is too slow, and all sorts of suggestions have been put forward to brighten it.

A few days ago we actually had "brighter cricket." The captains of Kent and Gloucestershire, after their county match had been fought and won, decided to give the crowd a treat by providing an example of so-called brighter cricket. Each side batted for one hour, and hundreds of runs were hit up.

With Pat Hendren as the star performer, Middlesex and Gloucestershire followed up this innovation with a similar entertainment at Clifton.

But I am certain that the players who gave these demonstrations of hard-hitting will agree with me that it wasn't cricket. It was just a bit of fun.

For heaven's sake, let us leave cricket as it is!

It is a leisurely game designed for the hot summer months. It is played by eleven men aside wearing white flannel trousers and shirts. They dress for comfort and coolness, and that is how the game was intended to be played.

A nerve tonic

The game of cricket, whether it be first-class, or professional club, or village green variety, gives endless enjoyment for a considerable portion of the year to tens of thousands of men and women.

Some watch a match to enjoy the subtleties and science of batting or bowling. Others go to a cricket ground to escape for a little while from the rush and pother of modern life.

In our daily existence we force our minds and bodies along at dozens of miles an hour. Everything in the world of invention is designed to "save time."

And when we have saved all this time we do not know what to do with it. Except, of course, those people who are wise enough to spend their "off" hours watching a cricket game.

I would go so far as to say that cricket provides a very necessary sedative to the nerves. No man can live at a break-neck pace and find at the end of the year he has an inexhaustible reserve of energy. The human system requires recreation, but it requires rest, too.

Besides, not everyone is temperamentally fitted to watch more vigorous games with interest. There are thousands who can't (and don't want to) shout loud enough to enjoy an Association football match.

And others whose necks are not made of india-rubber and who cannot watch a lawn tennis match for any length of time without straining their spinal column!

Cricket makes no such call on the nervous or bodily system. You just sit and watch. If the game bores you, you can go to sleep and no one will care. If you want to go home, no one interferes. It is a case of come when you like and go when you like.

In tune

If you are a cricketer, the game in front of you will have an added interest. You will be able to study the bowling and criticise the batting. At the appropriate moments you will know when to say "Well hit, sir," or clap your hands with the proper languor when someone makes fifty or the two hundred goes up.

You will be able to enjoy the beautiful spectacle of men in white fielding on a stretch of green grass. There is music, even to the unaccustomed ear, in the glance of a ball on a bat. It is a music admirably in tune with our island temperament, which is mild, modest and unobtrusive.

Those who wish to transform our cricket into a sort of baseball and introduce the cat calls appropriate to such exaggerated rounders merely wish the Americanisation of Great Britain to go one stage further on the downward path.

Cricket can never be played with real success at the speed of an express train.

The advocates of so-called brighter batting always fail to realise how dull the game would be if every batsman hit every ball high in the air without any discrimination. Either there would be a monotonous procession back to the pavilion or else runs would click on to the score board with a regularity equally monotonous.

Batsmen are supposed to stonewall everything for the sake of their averages. Bowlers are supposed not to be able to bowl on these cast-iron wickets which groundsmen make nowadays.

Yet the other day a young man from the north country called Verity took ten wickets for ten runs. And Duleepsinhji goes on making centuries when, by every rule of the critics, he should be stone-walling and building up his average.

What would happen if by some sudden ill-considered decision, the game departed from its leisurely, scientific way and developed into a contest of hit or miss?

In a very short time it would become a slovenly, slap-dash business.

It would not be very entertaining to play. It would, after the first novelty had worn off, certainly not be very entertaining to watch.

"It is a leisurely game. . . . It is the one haven of peace in a world gone mad with progress"

Pace that kills

Speed! Speed! Everyone is crazy about speed. And that is an additional reason why cricket should be left alone. It is almost the only sedate recreation left to us.

Golf has become gladiatorial and very much of a business. Association football is just as much concerned with high finance as it is with sport. The speedway. The greyhound race tracks. First-class lawn tennis. All go on at a breathless pace.

Surely it is not too much to ask the advocates of Progress to let the cricket field remain what it is—a place where men can be quiet, where shouting is unnecessary, where one can escape from noise and bustle.

As for the players themselves, I doubt very much if in all the annals of cricket there have ever been so many really first-class exponents of the game as there are to-day. In the old days there were two or three men who stood out for their skill and ability. To-day there are dozens entitled to be labelled first class.

The grousers complain that cricket is slow. Yet more centuries are being made than ever before in the history of the game.

They say bowlers cannot disturb batsmen at the wicket. Yet each day if you examine the cricket scores you find sensationally low totals as well as big accumulations of runs.

Let us sleep!

The "Brighter Cricket" advocates even say the present parlous position of the various county clubs from a financial point of view is due to the fact that cricket is too dull, that it is hopelessly out of date in this era of speed.

I do not subscribe to that view at all. Gate money is lower because there is a shortage of money.

If we were miraculously to return to normal times it would increase automatically and club secretaries and committees would be able to sleep in peace once more.

Receipts at Association football matches fell last season in nearly every case.

Why therefore expect cricket to be an exception?

No, cricket is the game that must be left alone.

It suits our temperament. It is the one haven of peace in a world gone mad with progress.

WIDOW with WINNING WAYS

MR. WELLER'S advice "Beware of vidders" is being echoed to-day by a good many people who have encountered a particularly dangerous widow in an adventuress named Mrs. Margaret Jessop.

An impressive, well-dressed woman of forty or so, she is busily touring from town to town for the ostensible purpose of finding a new home.

She makes a practice of answering advertisements relating to vacant flats and invariably prefers premises which are not self-contained.

In the West Central district of London recently she told one householder that she had not really wanted to move as she had a most comfortable little flat in a house with very nice people.

Unfortunately, the premises had been sold and the new landlord was opposed to sub-tenants, so she was forced to look for alternative accommodation.

She expressed delight with the rooms that were shown to her and as references she produced appeared to be excellent she was accepted as a prospective tenant without question.

Mrs. Jessop then announced that she would like to bring some of her smaller personal effects round that same evening.

She arrived in due course with a large suit-case and went up to her new rooms to unpack her belongings. She came down later with her case and said she would just pop round and bring a few more things that she did not like to leave for the removal men to handle.

Her failure to return aroused suspicion, and then came the discovery that some of the other rooms in the house had been entered by her! A hasty look round revealed the fact that various valuables had been taken and it was quite apparent that the charming widow must have carried them away with her in her capacious case.

Complaints of this sort have been rife of late, householders in Bournemouth, Beccles, Great Yarmouth and Hove having been tricked in precisely similar fashion.

Mrs. Jessop invariably follows the same procedure, except that in some cases she obtains possession of a latchkey and times her return with her suitcase when she knows the householder to be out.

When thus she has the full run of a house her hauls are, of course, appreciably larger. Recent plunder includes rings, pearls, miscellaneous jewellery, a fur coat, expensive gowns and a cheque-book.

Britain's Brighter Beaches

With the summer holidays at their height, the *Passing Show Summer Annual* is quickly selling out! Those who have not yet secured a copy must do so at once or they may go empty-handed.

"Still more? Bring 'em along!"
"Good job this suitcase stretches itself so obligingly"

B·D·V
EXPANDING
SUITCASE
150
COUPONS

Why be content to carry old-fashioned bulging bags and armfuls of parcels and coats when you can have the very latest **expanding** suitcase free? This strong yet lightweight case always has a corner for the things you nearly forgot. It is yours for 150 B.D.V coupons, or 130 only if you cut out and include the voucher below. B.D.V cigarettes have been famous for thirty years. They have satisfied the most critical smokers. They will satisfy you. Change to-day to B.D.V.

This suitcase is fitted with firm expanding clasps. The entire lid adjusts itself to carry without crushing a few clothes for a week-end or a complete holiday outfit.

No matter how many coupons you find in a six-penny packet of other brands, together they are not of greater value than one B.D.V coupon.

smoke
B D V
cigarettes
10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.

TOBACCO
11½d. per ounce
with coupons

CUT THIS OUT NOW

Free Voucher
20 COUPONS
for B D V
25-1
20 20

CHANGE TO-DAY TO B. D. V. — AND GET THE GIFT YOU FANCY *FREE*!

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

Pain after Eating

ACIDITY,
GASTRITIS & INDIGESTION
DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Prices 1/4 (72), 2/8 (144), 7/- (432 tablets).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B. 108), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if requested to do so.

Just look at this dog...

Isn't he the veriest bundle of animation?—a healthy, vigorous dog if ever there was one. And you may be sure that somewhere in the background there is someone who knows why he's a healthy dog: someone who appreciates that good health in a dog is not a matter of chance but of forethought: a master who cares for his dog and feeds him wisely—on Spratt's Meat-Fibrine Foods.

SPRATT'S PUPPY BISCUITS

100 PAGE BOOK—*FREE*. Our free illustrated book "A Guide to Dog Management" will help you give your dog the expert care and consideration he deserves. Send a postcard to:
SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., 58, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3.

CORNS

QUICKLY GONE FOR GOOD!

Medicated DISK loosens corn. Rim of PAD removes cause—Shoe pressure. Inner part mildly medicated to end pain.

New! Medicated Disks, used with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, for positive removal of corns and callouses in 48 hours! *No extra cost!* Medicated Disks are now included in every packet of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns and Callouses. In one minute pain ends! In two days hard, dead skin is loosened and easy to remove. Safe, sure, antiseptic. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns-between-toes; from all Dr. Scholl's Depots, Chemists and Shoe Shops, per pkt. 1/3.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

SMOKE STACKS

. . . . you can afford to smoke stacks of the world's *freshest* cigarettes—those that you roll with your favourite tobacco and ZIG-ZAG cigarette papers. ZIG-ZAGGING saves you 3½d. in the 1/-.

ZIG-ZAG
CIGARETTE PAPERS

HOW HOSPITALS CURE STOMACH TROUBLES

FOR the last 18 months or so all the leading hospitals have been using what is known as the Maclean formula for all sorts of stomach troubles. Doctors everywhere have reported astonishing cures even of Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers.

Now you can get the original formula yourself at any chemist ready for your own use by simply asking for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Now if you know the agony of stomach trouble, wind, acid stomach, pains after eating, ulceration, you can get instant relief, free yourself from future danger, rid your life of discomfort and distress.

But be sure you get the genuine article under the exact name, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand Powder see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN," it is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2/- and 1/3 cartons. The former containing double the quantity at 6d. less than double the price. Also family size 5/-, and packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

BALDNESS, ALOPECIA GREYNESS

Exhibit 321

"None of your clients could be more thankful than I am for the recovery of my hair, particularly when so many previous treatments had failed."

Case E. 16,324.

A POSTCARD BRINGS VALUABLE BOOK FREE.

Don't waste money experimenting.

Learn how much hair and colour can be permanently RESTORED, SAVED and IMPROVED by skilled Krynol treatment and the Expert Advice of

F. W. BROMLEY, M.R.I.S., M.C.R.S.

Specialist on Hair Growth and Scalp Diseases.

12, KING STREET, MANCHESTER.

CAUTION!

READERS OF THIS PAPER who desire to have a bet on

RACING & FOOTBALL

are strongly advised to TAKE NO RISKS and place their commissions with the 'Big Two,' who are 'as safe as the Bank.'

LETTER COMMISSIONS

accepted from 1/- up to any amount on any race in accordance with rules.

DAILY SETTLEMENTS. WINNINGS BY RETURN OF POST. NO LIMIT. ALL COMMISSIONS ACKNOWLEDGED AND CONFIRMED.

'FOOTBALL DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN'

In connection with our

"CHALLENGER"

NOTHING BARRED—NOTHING STARRED

FOOTBALL LISTS

FREE—the Colours of any Club in the Six Divisions of the English & Scottish Leagues can be obtained in Beautiful Macclesfield Ties. Support your Favourites. Wear your Club Colours. Send for full particulars of this amazing FREE OFFER.

14 LISTS TO CHOOSE FROM

COMPLETE LISTS POST FREE.

CHALLENGER

Send your Name and Address on a postcard for our Mailing List.

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H. MAURICE [illegible]

[illegible] SIXTH STREET GLASGOW C.1

Passenger-Express-Driver THOMAS TOPLIS *says*—

Mothering the FLYING SCOTSMAN

is my greatest hour

NO, you are wrong! My greatest hour is *not* when I am driving the "Flying Scotsman," the crack express of the day, not even when I am touching the terrific speed of eighty-five miles an hour.

It is when I am getting my engine ready for its three hundred and ninety-four miles non-stop run from King's Cross, London, to Edinburgh.

And so I have my great hour every day, alternately in London and Edinburgh. Yet it thrills me as much now as it ever did.

It begins when I sign the "appearance sheet," and then examine all notices, to see what has happened on the line, or what there is to report on the route over which I am to travel.

There may be, for instance, a shortage of water at Grantham or at some of the other troughs, for which I must be prepared.

Having gone thoroughly into all that, I have to make certain that my engine is in a perfectly fit state to travel.

I must oil it and see that all bearing pins are in order, and the oilway quite clear. Yes, I always flush that out well for fear there should be a bit of grit in it. Have you ever thought of what a piece of grit might do with an engine travelling at such a speed as that of the "Flying Scotsman"? It would soon cause friction, and that in its turn great heat. Goodness knows what damage might ensue.

THE big bearings also need careful examination. I must make sure they are running smoothly and are not in any way worn.

After that I perform a small test to see that the oil is not too thick. That is another most important matter, for there is the temperature to be taken into consideration. Oil thickens in cold weather and any tendency for it to clog must at all costs be avoided.

Well, having finished the oiling, I screw the tops back on the rods. And now listen to the clear ringing sound as I test the steel driving shafts. That is the ring of true steel.

There is still the job of trying the small ejector and testing the vacuum brake.

Look at the steelwork of my engine! You can mirror your face in it. And the gloss on the paint work, too!

The job never becomes monotonous, though you'd think it does. Not even though I have been doing it almost daily for four years.

I go round to see the fire is all right, for now the "hour" is drawing to a close. Just a hurried moment to tidy myself up a bit, wipe off some of the grease, then the grand finale when I open the regulator, steam out of the shed and couple up with the coaches. "Road clear" is signalled, and I'm off on my seven and a half hours' run to or from Scotland.

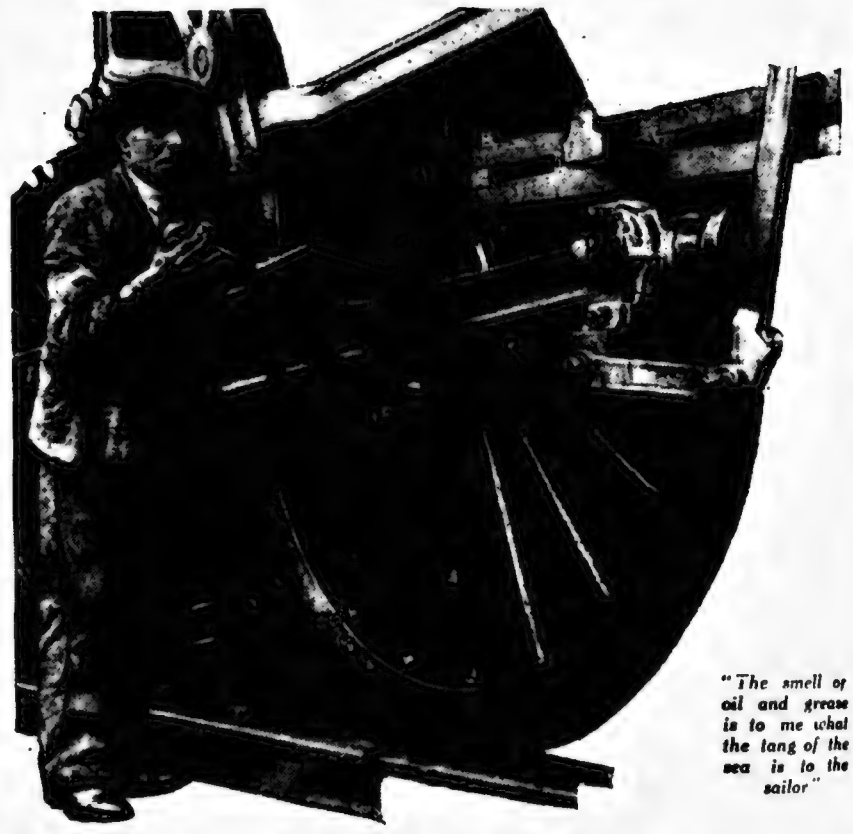
My great hour is over—till the next day.

Yes, there are many watchful moments during the journey, plenty to keep one's eyes upon. I must see that the fireman keeps up the steam pressure, take care that there is sufficient water in the trough. There mustn't be any hitch. We cannot risk our reputations, either the engine or myself.

As for thrills, we engine-drivers have far fewer of them than you'd imagine, because our railways are so safe. I remember two I had, but that was before I was driver of this engine.

I had an exciting few minutes years ago when I was driving the "Mary Queen of Scots." Suddenly I saw a woman and her child walking over a level crossing but luckily I spotted them in time, and pulled up just in time to prevent them from being killed.

On another occasion, though the signals showed "all clear," I thought I saw in the distance a dark object on the line at the level crossing at Biggleswade. I slowed up, fortunately for me, for it proved to be a steam motor, which had broken down, on the track.



"The smell of oil and grease is to me what the tang of the sea is to the sailor"

From my boyhood it was my ambition to become an engine-driver. My father was one, so I suppose that is why I always felt the same way about the smell of oil and grease and machinery, just as a born sailor does about the tang of the sea. Engines are in my blood!

WHEN I was a lad of eleven I used to go from Finsbury Park to Ponders End every Sunday by one of the old steam trams, walk across the fields to Enfield, and thence to King's Cross by train in order to see the 8.45 leave for the North.

I did this for years, week after week. Always I got the same thrill when I saw the engine. How I envied its driver in those days!

I took the first step towards realising my ambitions when I entered the company's service in 1890 at the age of eighteen. For three years I was a cleaner, then a fireman, next I shunted goods trains, and afterwards drove engines on branch lines. Eleven years' express driving followed and, finally, four years ago, the big thing happened—I became the driver of the "Flying Scotsman."

When I tell you all this, I think you will agree that there is nothing surprising in my choice of my greatest hour. I do not know if all drivers feel as I do—probably some of the younger ones don't take their job as seriously as I do. But to me getting ready my engine is the biggest thing in my life.

So much depends upon how I do the job—speed, perfection, the safety of human lives.

The railway is still the most rapid everyday means of transport on land or water, and by far the safest. But it wouldn't be if it were not for all the care and attention bestowed by us engine-drivers in those hours before we start off.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Two *for the* "Ebor"

SOME years ago the Ebor Handicap was honoured with the prefix "Great." I do not know who was responsible for beheading it, but the race is still great with Yorkshire sportsmen.

A number of the big advertisers are offering tempting prices and several readers of these notes have asked me for a good long shot.

In 1922 and 1923 a very popular handicapper in Flint Jack won for O. Bell, and I am of the opinion that a still more popular handicapper in Brown Jack, who won the race last year, may land the "double" this year. But I fear that "Jack" will not be at long odds.

For those who want a real outsider I suggest Rockliffe, a 25-to-1 chance.

This filly impressed me by her Goodwood victory and, as she is by Santorb, I have no doubts about her stamina. Like old Flint Jack, she comes from O. Bell's stable.

Winners for Windsor this week-end do not look too easy to spot. I found Apperley—10 to 1—at the last meeting, but do not fancy him for the Queen's Handicap. My vote goes to The Pen. I suggest Gallopade and Tolliditch for the Saturday "double."

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 11, to Wednesday, August 17.

O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

MKO96YW would read DASTUR.

*Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

SWR94Z2 would read ORWELL.

NOW—HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL!

Don't let LEG TROUBLES CRIPPLE YOU

"Oh! My Poor Legs."

"For years it was misery for me to walk, my legs and insteps would swell and the pain was awful! Finally an ulcer broke out on my ankle and I could not walk or stand except for a few minutes at a time. Then my son advised me to try Elasto and . . .

Now Available for All!

ELASTO—The Great National Remedy for Diseases of the VEINS and ARTERIES, and all ailments arising therefrom.

A VITAL CELL FOOD
which must be present
in the Blood to ensure
COMPLETE HEALTH

Get on the RIGHT SIDE *of a Course of* 'ELASTO'

"I can now Walk for Miles

. . . after using your treatment I am happy to say I am completely cured and can now walk for miles. I cannot praise Elasto enough as I thought I would never walk again. Your treatment is truly wonderful."

Mrs. L—— S——.

A Wonderful NEW TREATMENT THAT WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS

What is Elasto?

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that varicose ailments and relaxed conditions generally with their numerous developments and widely-varied symptoms, are *deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.*

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to evolve the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and arterial walls and the membranes in healthy condition, and a varicose or relaxed condition results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements that combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to effect a cure in a perfectly normal manner.

There is no chance-work about Elasto; it brings into play Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food which *must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.* It is prepared in tiny tablets, to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Elasto conquers varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, phlebitis, thrombosis, muscular weakness, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, gout, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs.

Elasto also conquers piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Nothing even remotely resembling the New Elasto Treatment has ever been offered to the public before. This new biological treatment actually restores the natural power of healing to the blood.

What other users of Elasto say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"Wonderfully active at 80."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Worked wonders; legs quite clear."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins completely gone."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet." *Etc.*

These extracts from testimonials are typical of the general chorus of praise which has greeted this wonderful new blood treatment—Elasto.

FREE

A generous Sample of this Wonder Treatment

Simply fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Treatment. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!

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(Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

COUPON
for Trial Sample of Elasto.

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., Ltd.
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Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining the Elasto Treatment.

Please Print in Capital Letters

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

My Ailment is.....

John Bull, Aug. 13, 1932.

ELASTO THE NEW BIOLOGICAL TREATMENT — CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD

Our Letter Parliament

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, August 16

The Job I'd like to have —and why

DURING a seaside holiday romance came to me on crutches. Each day for a week I had noticed a crippled man sitting on the beach. He seemed quite alone.

One day I retrieved his dropped crutch, and that was our introduction and the beginning of many happy hours of companionship, during which I got an insight into his poet's soul.

Alone and crippled, this man felt no bitterness that the War had left him thus.

I grew to love him—I know he loves me. As yet, I am just his beloved friend. But some day love will triumph over his infirmity and he will realise that what he now thinks would be a sacrifice would be my heaven.—*Miss J., Surrey.*

Cupid—Bag-snatcher

In London on holiday I saw a bag-snatcher bump into a young lady, snatch her handbag and run away.

I gave chase and, coming close up behind him, dived for his heels. In falling, his heels caught me under the jaw and he got clear—without the handbag.

I next remembered the owner of the bag bending over me. I was taken to her home and—two years later the wedding-bells rang. My holiday romance is still a romance thanks to a bag-snatcher.—*Daddy, Staffs.*

Speed!

It was a breezy day on the South Coast, and a "speedboat" was offering holiday-makers a flying trip. I took my seat bravely, and alone.

But when the boat raced and rocked against the waves I was glad to feel a steadying arm round my shoulder, and to hear an encouraging voice say: "Isn't it grand?"

I turned to find two brown eyes twinkling at me, and when we again reached the shore I was surprised to realise that the trip was over.

A fortnight afterwards we became engaged; three months later we were married.

Speed from start to finish!—*M. W., Dulwich.*

A little boat, a little breeze,
A little water round my knees,
A shout! A dive! A "hold on tight!—
Don't worry! You'll be quite all right!"
Strong arms—a smiling face—the shore!
And mother's voice: "You'll go no more!"
Rescued! And by the "loveliest man."
That's how my holiday romance began
—M.W., Southall.

Man Who Remembered

We met in Saint Omer Military Cemetery. He was sparing an hour from his holiday to visit the grave of a chum; I was there to see my brother's last resting-place.

Not much romance in that perhaps, but I was sure that the man who loved his pal would be good to his wife.

Anyhow, I risked it, and I have had no regrets.—*Mrs. H. R., Sunderland.*

"Him" Number One

A girl of sixteen on a fortnight's holiday I attended church one Sunday and happened to sit in a "rented" pew. When I was told of this I moved to another pew, which, to my great embarrassment, was also "rented."

Blushing with confusion, I made another move, unconscious of the fact that a certain young man in the choir stalls had noted it all, and made up his mind that that little girl should be his wife.

We have just celebrated the eighteenth anniversary of our married life together, and have two fine sons, who attend that same church.—*L. R., Chester.*

Broad Shoulders

We met at the seaside railway-station. We were coming, he was going. All the porters were overburdened that day, so he shouldered my bag and gave his other arm to my invalid mother while I collected the "smaller fry."

He smiled when I offered him a tip, but he says he has been repaid a thousand times over since.

He still shoulders my burdens, bless him!—*D. G., London.*

A Stitch in Time

I was bathing in Stokes Bay early one morning—with no bathing costume—and some friends of mine thought it would be a huge joke if they hid my clothes while I was swimming well out. When I turned shorewards and waded in the surf towards the beach I saw that every stitch of my clothes had disappeared.

Instead, a pretty young woman was seated where they had been. I shouted to her and told her of my predicament. Instead of being alarmed she laughingly threw me her raincoat.

Such a sensible girl was worth knowing—and we married soon after.—"*Channel Swimmer, Plumstead.*

Stuff o' Romance

In a shop on the last day of my holiday I had an argument with the owner regarding the quality of a garment he was trying to sell me.

My knowledge of fabrics—gained by hard study in the evenings after leaving my loom—stood me in good stead, and finally he laughingly admitted that I knew more about textiles than he did.

The result was that he took me on as his buyer and, nine months later, we signed a life-partnership agreement in a church vestry.—*Mrs. F. W., Notts.*

S'nice

Southsea's Saturday sunshine. Sam slyly smiled. Susie shocked, snubbed: Sam sad.

Sunday swimming, sudden squall; Sam saved Susie. Sequel: secluded seat, snuggle, suggested sharing. September: sacred solemn service. Sam, single; Susie, spinster: spliced.—*Sam.*

A Little Wager

Two plump old gentlemen were going through their usual pantomime before entering the sea for a swim—the testing of the water with a toe, deep breathing, slapping, and the punching of fat bodies.

A young man was offering odds of two to one that the gentleman in the blue costume would enter the water first. He appealed to me to "back my fancy."

I did, and won.

That was how I became acquainted with my husband . . . the little sporting event was just typical of the most whimsical and entertaining companion a woman ever had.—*Jeanie, Birmingham.*

Still Raining!

Alone in the boarding-house sitting-room, I sat cursing the rain which ran in rivulets outside. Casually, I picked up a newspaper and saw that two prizes were offered for those who could give proof of having had the wettest holiday.

As it had rained on every day of my stay I sent in a claim.

I won the second prize, and sent a note to the first prize-winner with my profound sympathy. To my surprise, she replied and later we met.

We had our umbrellas up as we entered the station to go away for our honeymoon.—*Robert, Durham.*

Two Knots

Several times during my holiday at Bognor I had seen this charming girl, but never did I get a chance to speak to her. One hot afternoon, however, I spotted her sleeping in a deck-chair on the beach.

I drew a chair quite close to hers and sat down, hoping there would be a smile and not a rebuff for me when she awoke.

I fell asleep myself—until I was awakened by a tugging at my boot-lace. Then I saw a flushed and laughing girl trying to unfasten her shoe lace from mine—for somebody had tied us together while we were sleeping.

We cut that knot with a knife, only to tie another later that will never be cut.—*H. B., Croydon.*

A Dog's Life?

Had it not been for a bulldog I should still have been a bachelor.

Walking along a tree-lined road, one of these animals rushed out at me from a garden. Terrified by the dog's ferocious demeanour I turned and ran towards a near by tree. Leaping up to a branch overhead I managed to draw my dangling legs out of reach of its snapping jaws.

It was in this undignified position that I had my first introduction to my wife. She came hurrying out of the garden and quickly put the dog on a leash. Now she has put me on one!—*A. G., Glasgow.*

They Slipped

The introductory medium was—a flight of steps! They ran down the side of the Great Orme and were so steep that if one did not hold tightly to the rope one stood a chance of falling head-first to the bottom.

I was descending and in front of me was an attractive-looking young woman; instead of watching the steps, my eyes were fixed on her.

Suddenly I slipped and sat down with a bump. At the same time she stumbled, and seeing each other in the same plight, we simply sat there and laughed. Thus it began.—*M. R. J. Shenstone.*

Out of the Sky

Strolling along the beach, I paused to watch the daring stunts of an airman from the military aerodrome near by.

Suddenly the machine got out of control and plunged earthwards. The pilot, apparently, could not extricate himself.

The 'plane struck a tree and the airman was thrown out on to the beach.

He was badly injured but, having a good knowledge of first-aid, I was able to alleviate his pain until the ambulance arrived. We are now happily married.—*Diana, Ringwood.*

Saved, But—

I had been careering across Loch Lomond in a small sailing boat when a gust capsized me.

Soon the water was swarming with gallant Tommies in hospital blue from a passing steamer, all intent upon rescuing me. A Scots Guardsman grabbed me first and had me aboard the steamer in a very short time.

On his demobilisation I married my gallant rescuer, who, during our honeymoon gave me lessons in swimming.

He never knew till the occasion of our first marital tiff that ever since the age of twelve I had been an expert swimmer!—*Happy Wife, Dumbartonshire.*

* * *

A champion boxer knocked me through the ropes into the arms of a young lady.—*Buddy, Paisley.*

The blind man I piloted across a busy street in Margate I am now very happily piloting through life.—"*Topsy.*" *Abercillery.*

SIDE SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips." When a "slip" is sent in by more than one reader, the prize is awarded to the first opened.

DAILY SKETCH:—"Afterwards it steered south to South Devon and spent yesterday afternoon flying low along the SOUTH COAST OF SOMERSET."

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"To operate was the only chance they had of attempting to HAVE Butler's life."

NOTTINGHAM FREE PRESS:—"*E. S.* . . . rendered the DUET."

SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN LIBRARY:—"Susan, folding her EYES fixed Judith with a steely look."

RED STAR WEEKLY:—"His TWO MOUTHS gashing red across his distorted face."

THE TYRONE COURIER AND NEWS:—"Mr. A—— has recovered much to the REGRET of his many friends."

BELFAST EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"7,000 pupils under CAR."

CARMARTHEN JOURNAL:—"Attention was drawn to the village PUP which had been out of order for more than SIX months."

THE STAR:—"FINE FOG is being ENJOYED at ——."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"Jobbing hand required for brickwork; state AGE per hour."

THE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"Described as a private in the 2nd Battalion East Kent Regiment (The DUFFS)."

SUNDAY CHRONICLE:—"The Australians have NOT held the Ashes since 1921, they have LOST them again this year."

NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"He will probably leave for Detroit, where he is to compete for the Harmsworth Trophy in SEPTEMBER, on AUGUST 8.

THE ILFRACOMBE CHRONICLE:—"As was the case a fortnight ago, the river quickly subsided NEXT YEAR."

LEVEN MAIL:—"Eggs jumped up in price by 4d. per DAY last week."

BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE:—"Rub the frying-pan round with a cut piece of OPINION."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"Greek debt—America postpones PAGEANT for two and a half years."

SOUTH WALES ECHO:—"The film firm has made the names of the COLIC pair known throughout the world."

Could Powder Make All That Difference?

"Why Mary, you look twice as attractive as I have ever seen you."

"My husband was absolutely astonished at the remarkable improvement in my attractiveness. It was all due to the use of Mousse of Cream face powder. The discovery of this amazing new ingredient by a famous skin specialist has revolutionized the ideas of modern make-up. Mousse of Cream is scientifically blended in exactly the right proportions with the finest air-floated powder by a secret process in Poudre Tokalon. This makes Poudre Tokalon stay on even in spite of perspiration while dancing and playing games. You can dance for a whole evening in the hottest ballroom and still avoid all trace of shine on nose or face if you use Mousse of Cream face powder. Poudre Tokalon is so fine and light that it can scarcely be seen at all on the face; no one will ever guess the perfect complexion it gives is not all your own natural beauty. Only 1/- a box. Double size 1/6.

POISONED FINGER?

Treat it quickly before the poison spreads. Relief is GUARANTEED by Burgess' Lion Ointment. (For Guarantee Form, satisfaction or money back, write Edwin Burgess, Ltd., London, W.C.2.) Mr. D. E. H. writes:—"Lion healed my poisoned finger after all else had failed."

The quick, safe remedy, for 85 years, for Boils, Carbuncles, Whitlows, Abscesses, Poisoned Wounds, Stings, Bites, Burns, Scalds. Always brings the poison out, and forms a clean, new healthy skin from underneath.—Lion Ointment, from Chemists, 1/3, 3/-, 5/- per box.

Bald Men Grow Hair

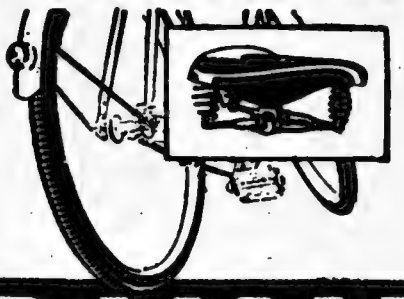
Surprising reports are coming from men who were bald or losing hair and who acquired a new vigorous growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald for nearly 20 years. Now I have an abundance of hair," is the report of Mr. T. J. Harding. "All bare parts are now covered with a nice growth of hair," writes Mr. E. Arnold. Imagine the enthusiasm of Mr. T. Hellier when he reported: "I have now a strong healthy growth of hair where I have been bald for 10 years." Mr. R. Stott reports, even after only three weeks' use of Kotalko, bald patches of 12 years' standing were covered with hair.

Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald, may obtain a testing box of Kotalko by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy St. (53.V.H.), London, W.1

from

THE SADDLE TO THE ROAD



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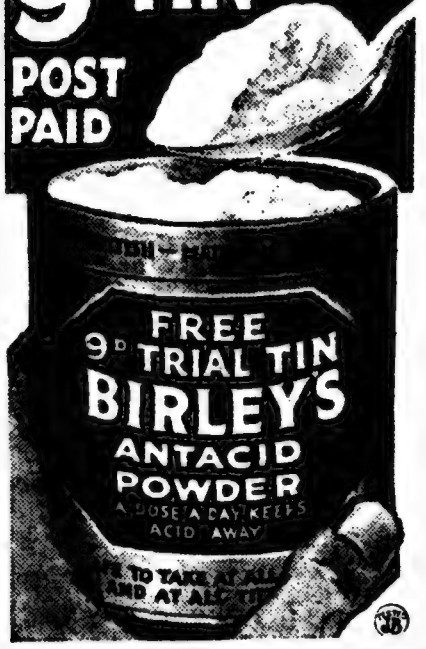

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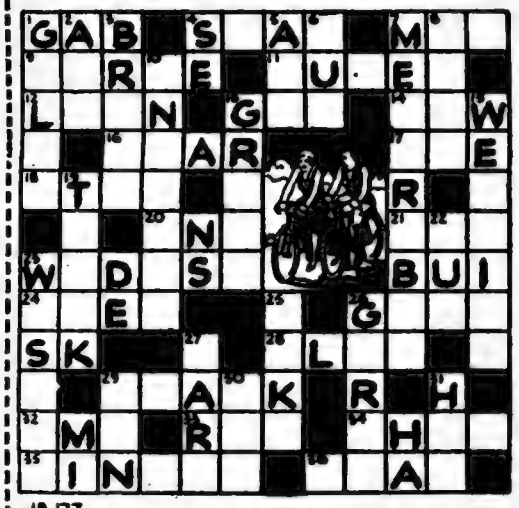
GET back your holiday expenses by winning a big prize in "John Bull's" Crossword. A quiet half-hour with the unusual Clues on this page may secure you an Income for Life and a Holiday Cheque every August as long as you live. And you have the big attraction of an additional £200 in Holiday Prizes. Fill up the squares to-night.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 177. CLOSING THURSDAY (NOON), AUG. 18



JB 177

JB 177

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 177. CLOSING THURSDAY (NOON), AUG. 18

JB 177

JB 177

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 25s. a week and a £25 Holiday Cheque yearly (or £500 Cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Holiday Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 25, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 1.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Chatter.
4. Causes noise in nursery.
7. It contains water.
9. Concur.
11. Sometimes help us on our way.
12. Joint the butcher sells.
13. Obtain.
14. Call of a cat.
16. What hubby's occasionally called.
17. Poem.
18. Stalk.
20. Tavern.
21. Tot up.
23. Broadest.
24. One-spot cards.
26. Beauty spot between hills.
28. Makes bitter medicine.
29. Provides us with food.
32. Australian bird.
33. Regret.
34. Should not be put on unless clean.
35. Delicate fingers are often this.
36. Causes butcher anxiety in summer.

CLUES DOWN.

1. They usually bring rain.
2. Time past.
3. Taking one often begins man's troubles.
5. Consumed.
6. Placed.
7. Worthy of remembrance.
8. Employed.
10. Foes.
13. Usually answers her demand for money.
15. Explains abundance of flowers.
19. Smoke cloud may be this.
22. What a bill becomes.
23. Is attached to the tap.
25. Expert buyer detects it at a glance.
26. Yellow-flowered bush.
27. What taxi-driver often lacks.
29. Gives us light.
30. Cows chew this.
31. Very warm.

If entering two Double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, August 18, 1932.

2. No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or misaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3. Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 1, 1932. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, September 13, 1932, in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4. In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared £500 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5. Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

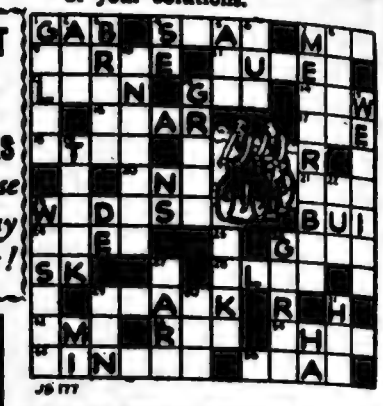
7. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

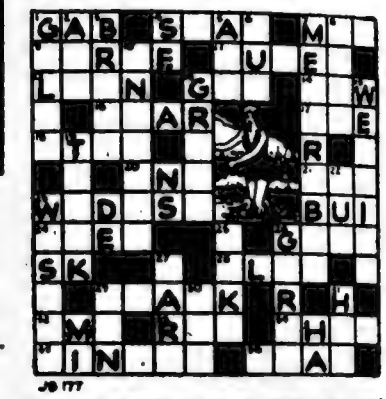
KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

LAST 2 WEEKS of these holiday prizes!



JB 177



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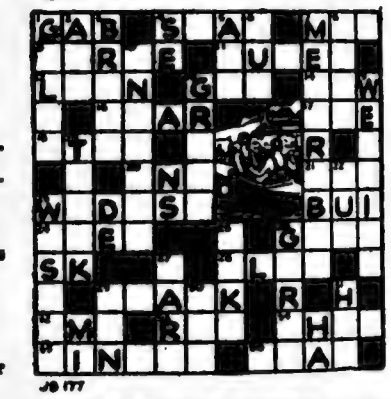

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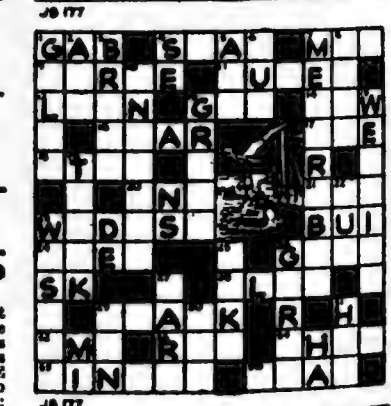


JB 177

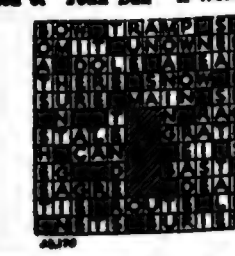
Address Entry: "JOHN BULL," CROSSWORD No. 177, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.

ENTRY FEE: With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. See Rule 1.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 175



JB 175

Winners in 174 on page 14

Result of 175 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 175 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

The Editor Laughs LAST

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day! The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are purely for your entertainment.

HENRY (Cardiff).—"I am beginning to think. . . ." Hearty congratulations!

J. K. (Monmouth).—"I've lost a little interest lately." We've converted our War Loan, too.

N. M. (Edgware).—"My wife and I are always of the same mind." Of course. Her mind.

R. E. (London).—"Singing increases the blood pressure." Of listeners outside the bathroom door.

B. S. (York).—"Who cannot appreciate the joy of the open road?" A pneumatic drill operator.

R. A. (Letchworth).—"I never speak without thinking." You just go on writing instead?

E. A. (Birmingham).—"What's worse than sleeping on a boarding-house bed?" Not being able to.

GORDON (Paisley).—"Push and push hard is my motto." We have seen your type of car before.

F. D. (Newport).—"My son has the gift of language. What shall we make of him?" A house agent.

A. McT. (Ilford).—"I am an Aberdonian by birth." Still, you might have stamped your envelope!

T. M. (Nuneaton).—"I wouldn't visit your office even if I came to London." That's a load off our mind.

P. D. (Long Preston).—"How would you like to be turned out of bed at 4.30 a.m. to make hay?" Very gradually.

M. C. (Bromley).—"I am a very wide-awake sort of person." Yes, but you don't have to read your letters.

MICHAEL (Hove).—"I'm quite a different man, I assure you." I'm sure all your friends are delighted to hear it.

AMY (Kent).—"The second night I sang the audience increased by 100 per cent." Did he bring along his brother?

SYLVIA (Richmond).—"Are the backless bathing costumes voted the most chic?" Only by a bare majority.

TOMMY (Dartford).—"Please, Sir, will you tell me what are diplomatic relations?" There are no such people, sonny.

A. L. (Totnes).—"My ancestors came over with William the Conqueror." The immigration laws are stricter now.

T. H. (Bath).—"I've got an idea that you are fed-up with my letters." Thank goodness your brain is beginning to work at last.

A. N. (Yarmouth).—"Can you tell me what the upkeep of a small car runs into?" It depends on what the car runs into.

FASHIONS (London, W.).—"Holiday frocks will be trimmed in much the same way as last summer." So will holiday visitors.

W. F. (Hastings).—"I'm always seeing red!" Then don't look in the mirror again until that holiday complexion has worn off.

L. R. M. (Manchester).—"A new responsibility is keeping me awake every night." It will be worse still when he starts teething!

B. C. (Burnley).—"An editor has at last accepted one of my articles out of hundreds I have sent." Or out of desperation?

R. M. (Grendon).—"When your letter arrived I was engaged in a battle of wits with my neighbour." Was he also unarmed?

E. R. (Kensal Rise).—"I learn that it is now possible to measure the millionth part of an inch." This is good news for people who are buying furniture for a small flat.

S. M. (Redhill).—"Are not London bus-conductors noted for their good looks?" Oh, yes! also for those they give women who proffer pound notes for penny fares.

A. W. (Ramsgate).—"There is a new fox-trot in which one has to take two steps forward and six backward." This will, no doubt, be popular with some of our politicians.

H. D. (Croydon).—"The first museum of bells in the world is to be opened at Larcha, Germany." The bells at our teashop might just as well be sent for all the use they are.

F. M. (London, W.).—"As a stage-hand I see many little tragedies." But you are used to moving scenes.

T. R. (Colchester).—"Women mature more rapidly than men." But it takes many of them longer to reach thirty.

B. M. (London).—"My wireless talk on 'Love at the Seaside' has been cancelled." Another broken engagement?

F. M. (Baldock).—"I was married last week and am as happy as the day is long." But remember the days are now getting shorter.

DAD (Hull).—"Phyllis received a scolding when mother discovered her smoking." Well, dash it, perhaps they were mother's cigarettes.

G. M. (Margate).—"There is one place where seaside concert-parties are at their best." We know—just out of earshot.

A. E. (Handsworth).—"What is meant by dividing the atom?" The average seaside landlady has a fairly good idea.

L. N. T. (Grimsby).—"I wonder sometimes how I can pay the exorbitant taxes." You're lucky. Most of us wonder almost continually.

M. F. (Acton).—"It is a mistake for any man to say that the more bad-tempered sex is woman." Especially if one overhears him.

E. M. (Hendon).—"A man walking along a road can usually get a lift from a passing motorist." Sometimes when he doesn't expect one.

SANDY (Edinburgh).—"We Scots are famous the world over for our courteous bearing." We have heard somewhere that civility costs nothing.

F. T. (Hitchin).—"When my father's photograph fell from the wall it caught me an awful whack on the head." Evidently a striking likeness?

W. E. (York).—"I am marrying a typist who for three years has worked in the same office with me." Well, don't imagine you'll be able to dictate to her.

MAGGIE (Burton).—"He often tries to put his arm round my waist." You should try a slimming treatment.

R. M. (Ely).—"First I thought I would send this letter, next I thought I wouldn't, then I decided that I would." Second thoughts are always best.

J. W. (Warwick).—"Did I tell you in my last letter that my brother had become a novelist?" No, you only mentioned that he had written a novel.

PERCY (Brighton).—"She smiled when I met her on the prom this morning. Does that mean she is keen on me?" It probably means that she has a keen sense of humour.

G. H. J. (Newcastle).—"It is said that plumbers are often rung up by people making ridiculous requests." Some even go so far as to ask the plumber to come along immediately.

S. P. (Tottenham).—"Fifty new verses of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam have been discovered in Persia." That is further evidence of how the tide is running against Prohibition.

J. C. A. (Hampstead).—"Is it the case that a wife spends as much as three hours a day preparing her husband's meals?" It all depends on whether the wretched tins open easily or not.

C. H. S. (Weymouth).—"I'd like to be a millionaire, but I wouldn't care for his worries." Let us make you a millionaire for a week-end, with no worries whatever—and send you home again with £500 in your pocket. See the surprise on page 31.

G. H. (Morecambe).—"The warders in an American prison went on strike recently for higher wages." The authorities gave way, however, when they found that the convicts wanted to come out in sympathy.

H. N. (Manchester).—"A Chicago musician has tried out an Egyptian oboe that had been silent for 3,372 years." Imagine the emotions of the fellow who toots on one of our saxophones 3,372 years from now.

D. T. (Nottingham).—"At what age is a son living at home entitled to feel himself fully grown up?" When he honestly believes that washing behind his ears is a sanitary precaution and not a parental persecution.

HENRY B. (Chester).—"I said I would be master in my own house or know the reason why, and my wife threw a pie-dish at me." Well, now you know the reason.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Remove Ugly Hair

this new easy way

A British Scientist has at last discovered a safe and scientific way of removing superfluous hair. Razors—which only make the hair grow faster and thicker—and all the old evil-smelling depilatory pastes are now definitely superseded. This new discovery, called Wenlo-White, is now incorporated in the New Veet, which dissolves the keratin in the hair and hair roots. The hair just falls away as if by magic. New Veet is delightfully perfumed and as easy and pleasant to use as a face cream. Just apply it direct from the tube and then wash it off with water—washing away the hair. Just as easy as that. No fuss, no bother, no unpleasant smell. Leaves the skin soft, white and smooth without a sign of hair; without even a shadow such as razors leave, because it removes the hair *below* the skin surface. Beware of imitations. Look on the label for NEW VEET. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

TIZ (BATH TABLET) for TIRED FEET

For aching, burning, tender feet there is nothing so soothing as a 'Tiz' foot-bath, which quickly tones up the tired tissues and draws out all pain, making the feet fresh, strong and healthy again. 'Tiz' is now sold in new sixpenny size containing 18 tablets.

Obtainable At All Chemists and Stores

NEW SIZE 6D.

THOSE IN THE KNOW USE AG PAPERS

FOR CERTAIN RELIEF USE PETER PAN CORN CAPS 9D FOR 6

A. de St. Dalmas & Co., Ltd., Leicester

GAMBLE IF YOU LIKE...
but never with your health

To-day leading medical authorities are more than ever convinced that unsound teeth are often the cause of ill-health. Therefore, it is essential to give *your* teeth the proper daily care and protection. Brush them regularly with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, the dentifrice that cleanses each tooth thoroughly and completely.

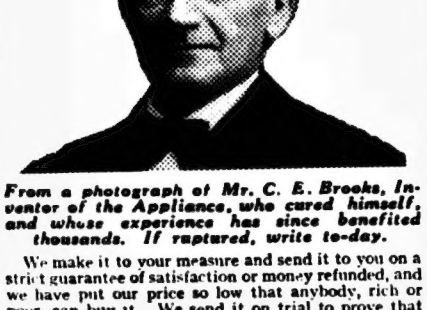
Its deeply penetrating foam seeps into every tiny crevice, removing harmful particles of food which, if allowed to remain, would cause decay. A tube of Colgate's in your bathroom is perpetual tooth insurance. Large tube, 1/-; medium, 6d.

Don't Wear a Truss!

After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women, and children that cures Rupture.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

Free Information Coupon

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.,
(4823), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(4823), Hilton Chambers, Hilton St., Manchester.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

(Please write plainly.) .....

"SUDDENLY there came a flash—blue smoke was seen pouring out. Lightning had wrecked the wireless set and its accessories." What was once a costly instrument is now but tangled and charred wreckage.

This experience of a JOHN BULL reader during a thunderstorm is a common one.

Is *your* set covered against this risk? JOHN BULL pays up to £10 should the apparatus, including aerials and supports, be damaged by lightning.

FIRE—UP TO £1,000.

But a wireless set struck by lightning may be only the *entering wedge* for fire. The fire may spread to the home—to precious belongings.

JOHN BULL also covers the contents of your home against damage by fire up to £1,000, and is the ONLY paper to give this vital protection, just as it is the only paper to cover you against Sickness, Storm and Flood.

HOLIDAY RISKS.

Remember that you remain qualified for all Benefits under our Free Insurance whilst on holiday in Great Britain, Channel Islands and the Isle of Man. The only condition is that in case of a claim arising it will be necessary to show that you purchased JOHN BULL whilst away and that before leaving you instructed your newsagent to recommence regular delivery immediately on your return.

The only Paper to pay for Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 13/8/32

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to
"John Bull" Registration Department,
128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

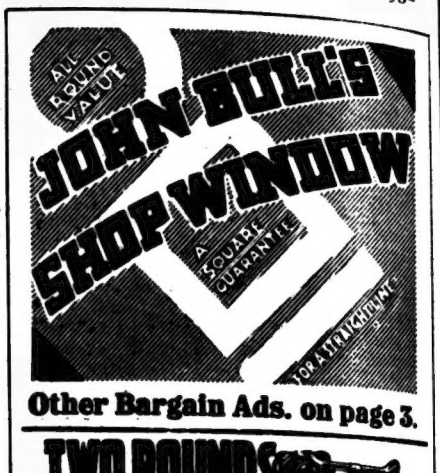
.....

Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

.....

.....Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 13/8/32



Other Bargain Ads. on page 3.

TWO POUNDS SAVED

£3-10s. CASH or TERMS

I save you at least **TWO POUNDS** on any cycle, and you choose from the largest selection in the world. **NO CHARGE for ACCESSORIES.** Carriage paid. Write NOW for free copy of the most marvellous cycle catalogue ever published.

Edwd. O'Brien Ltd. Dept. 3, COVENTRY.

SHOPKEEPERS, MARKETMEN and BEGINNERS

3/9 Per gross Post Free

Full Sized Illustration Reduced

The Famous SONNY BOY British Made Razor Blade Guaranteed

SONNY BOY REGISTERED FINEST STEEL

For 4/- we will send post free, 1 gross of the famous Sonny Boy blades (with shaw matter) and 6 fine unique blades of other best-known makes we supply. Send for Special Price List Free of over 90 leading makes and special list of Fancy Goods. Buy direct, earn money.
The Largest Stockists in Britain.

M. RADNAN,
THE GENUINE BLADE KING,
6, Stockport Rd., Ardwick, Manchester
Special Terms for Quantities.

SLIM SAFELY
WITHOUT MEDICINE OR EXERCISE IN A
Beasley REDUCING BELT—SUPPORTER
for MEN and WOMEN

This belt slips on over the hips and instantly conforms to the outline of the figure. No fasteners, no straps, no lacing. An excellent general purpose belt for either sex. Ideal for reducing obesity. Ensures fitness and support. Made of stout woven Elastic Webbing. 4 suspenders fitted to women's model. Money refunded if unsuitable.

9 inches deep.

Send p.o. now to

BEASLEY BELT DEPT. 208A, 28, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2.

NOW REDUCED FROM 6/11 TO **4'11**

11 inches deep 5 11.
Super quality 8 11. Fine quality silk elastic 12 11.
Sizes 36-44—2/- extra on all.

Send for FREE Booklet of Belts for Men and Women.

BARGAIN LIST FREE

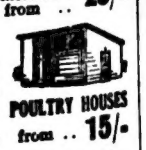
Greenhouses from ... **50/-**

Bungalows from **£16:7:6**

Summerhouses from .. **25/-**

Rustic Houses from ... **27/6**

HUTS from .. **20/-**



POULTRY HOUSES from .. **15/-**

BATH'S 3-7, SOUTHAMPTON ST., STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.
Works: 41, Norwood Rd., & 143, Peckham Rye, London, S.E.

MAKE YOUR FEET YOUNG
Banish the agonies of tender weary foot troubles with

ITSIT
FOR THE FEET

Rubbed in it acts like a charm. Famous for over 30 years. Try it now.

6d. per tin.

From Chemists, Boots, Taylors, and Timothy White's Branches.

PENNY POSTCARD FOR FREE SAMPLE.

FREE SAMPLE

MARTIN, PHILLIPS & Co., Ltd., Bombay Street, London, S.E.16.

A FREE OFFER

A generous sample of a new wonder treatment which conquers all leg troubles and kindred ailments, is offered on p. 25. This, together with a special free booklet, and copies of recent testimonials, will be sent to all readers filling in the coupon which appears in the advt. This new biological treatment restores the natural power of healing through the blood. Get full particulars of the "ELASTO" Blood treatment by filling in the coupon at once. Don't delay.

CASH THE COUPONS!

JOHN BULL'S PEN OFFER

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.*

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

A Convertible chair at Makers Cost

It is false economy to buy furniture at a ridiculously low price, the material and workmanship are possibly be there. "Grosvenor Convertible Chairs" are All British and are offered to you at the actual cost of making to assist unemployment. Built of solid farmed Oak, 21 in. wide when single and 5 ft. 10 in. long when converted. The arms are 3 in. and the legs 2 in. thick. Cushions in Cord supplied to any desired colour. Satisfaction is guaranteed. Only a limited number left.

GROSVENOR TRADES Ltd.
Dept. DB, 102, Old Street London, E.C.1.

carr. and Packing England and Wales 2/-

39/6 NOW 29/6

JOHN BULL
and
First-class return tickets to London on any Friday or Saturday—luxurious limousine with chauffeur meets JOHN BULL'S guests at station—conveys them to hotel and remains at their complete disposal until their departure on Sunday evening or Monday morning, as desired
Saturday's programme of entertainment, to be arranged on arrival with the Competition Editor, could include an all-day sight-seeing tour of London with guide, tea in an aeroplane over the City, an hour at a non-stop variety performance, dinner seats at any West End Theatre, and a midnight visit to the thundering printing presses of Long Acre. Sunday's plans could include a motor-tour to Windsor and beautiful Surrey or a river trip on the Thames, or a visit to friends within reach of London
All expenses of accommodation and entertainment will be met by JOHN BULL, whose guests will not, of course be subjected to any form of publicity in connection with their visit which will remain a happy memory for life.
or £20 HOLIDAY CHEQUE
UNIQUE
'BULLETS' 1ST HEADS
FIFTY
FINE HOLIDAY PRIZES
£19 £18 £17 £16
£11 £10 £9 £8
£5
2,000 SPECIAL 'RED SEAL' TARGETS 8,000 'TARGETS'
300 at 2/6
LAST WEEKS OF £10,000 IN HOLIDAY CASH

HURRY FOR THIS BIG HOLIDAY PRIZE!

BEFORE you to-day is one of the last huge instalments of JOHN BULL'S £10,000 in Holiday Prizes. Fifty entrants for this novel holiday offer will shortly be receiving congratulations on the arrival of a big Holiday Cheque, and you can be amongst them.

For the First Prize-winner, you will notice, a bumper cheque for £500 is waiting—*and a novel additional award of a Millionaire's Week-end in London for two.*

Think of the thrill of receiving that £500 telegram—and later of enjoying a glorious week-end in London at JOHN BULL'S expense, an ideal way of celebrating the end of your troubles!

Most millionaires owe their success to seizing their opportunities without hesitation. *Bullets* may give you that millionaire feeling if you seize the opportunity before you to-day.

Read slowly through the *Examples* given and note down the rough ideas which occur to you. Now turn these first thoughts into *Bullets* of TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS by eliminating the obvious comments and polishing the others into winning style. Suppose, for instance, you choose the *Example* BLOT ON THE LANDSCAPE. Add the words IF YOU'VE THE "DUMPS," and you thus complete a *Bullet*.

Before you start, it will pay you to study the winning *Bullets* below—they will show you how a bright thought, carefully phrased, can bring you a big Holiday Cheque.

Then get to work on your own prize *Bullets* and see that your entry is in by Saturday, August 20.

50 MORE HOLIDAY CHEQUES WON THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £700 AND £10 YEARLY, COMPETITION No. 858.

Mrs. F. HOLMES, 10, Garforth Street, Huddersfield.
Example:—IN THE FRONT ROW
Bullet:—BECAUSE BRITAIN'S "PAID MOST."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. W. J. JONES, 63, Woodville Road, Mumbles, Swansea.
Example:—Her Job
Bullet:—"Dowry" Modern Bride Brings.

THIRD PRIZE OF £40:

Mr. L. WHITTICASE, 65, Willows Road, Walsall.
Example:—Caught By The Tide
Bullet:—World, While Gathering "Shells."

OTHER PRIZES:

£30: W. COLMAN, 6, Vincent Street, Bolton.
Britain r. Ireland—"Fight" Even Pat Regrets!

£20: Miss M. PENNELL, 81, Colin Park Road, London, N.W.
Finger On The Trigger—Once Pushed Moneylender's Bell.

£19: P. CLUCAS, 133, Peter Street, Blackpool.
Finger On The Trigger — Loosening—Humanity "Regaining Grip."
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

£18: F. RICHARDS, 1, Belle Vue, Combe Down, Bath.
Caught By The Tide — Or Schoolboy's Holiday Incomplete.

£17: F. NICHOLSON, 14, King Street, Shrewsbury.
The Years Fly Past, But — Drowning Bather Eventually Rescued.

£16: J. DIXON, 162, Biddleston Road, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Thrown Overboard — "Shot" — Then Fuller "Lockers."

£15: H. GOFTON, 6, The Gardens, Filey.
Britain r. Ireland—Joining Issue—Issue, Separation.

£14: J. CRISTOL, Woodgrange, Woodgrange Drive, Southend.
Britain r. Ireland — Now India's Bit Quieter!

£13: W. WALKER, 78, Twenty-sixth Avenue, Hull.
Without—Fear, Fine—Foe, Finer.

£12: J. B. HUNTER, 151, W. Stirling Street, Alva, N.B.
Worse Still—"Labour-saving" Machinery *Idle.*

£11: W. M. WALKER, 13, Hillrise Avenue, Harrogate.
Britain v. Ireland—Creating *Wall* Over *Row.*
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£10: F. SUNDERLAND, 2, Haworth Avenue, Rawtenstall.
Bump Of Intelligence—Otherwise Phrenologist's Client "Hurt."

£9: W. CAVILL, 73, Ellerby Street, Carlisle.
Girl In The Boat—Man "In The Net."

£8: J. LAMBERT, Old Shotton, Castle Eden, Co. Durham.
Anything's Possible When—Dad's Hat, That Angle!

£7: T. D. SLEE, Flowerpot Cottages, Mareham Lane, Sleaford.
In the Front Row — Algy — Resenting Male Impersonator!

£6: T. CARPENTER, Blunsdon Hill, Swindon.
Girl In The Boat—Fishing—Rescuers "In Shoals."

£5: W. H. PEARCE, 191, Stoke Road, Gosport.
Her Job—He Did—And Bragged!

A list of 30 £2 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £4, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 861 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £700 chosen as First Prize by the winner in Competition No. 857 will be displayed in the window of Mr. R. H. House, "The Smoke Shop," Gowick Street, Exeter.

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE
FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed & Co.,) payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 18, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.
(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets")

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 861

OTTAWA'S HARVEST
THANKS TO THE SLUMP
TO PREVENT A CRASH
WORRIES EVERYBODY
IN THE DEPTHS
FIERCELY
BLOT ON THE LANDSCAPE
BECOMING AN ART
FOR PITY'S SAKE
ANGEL IN DISGUISE
PLAUSIBLE STRANGER
APPEALS TO FATHER
ALL THE TIME
FROM THE CLOUDS
CRACK OF DOOM
FOR US
TO START WITH
BEATS EVERYTHING
POOR STUFF
GOLDEN DAWN
COMES TOO LATE
SANDY'S CAR
SEEMS ABSURD
DOWN ON THE BEACH
SHE GLANCED ROUND AND
EVER SINCE
SONNY'S HERO
TWIRLING HIS MOUSTACHE
POWER OF THE PURSE
OVERWORKED
VACANT CHAIR
"ENJOYED YOUR HOLIDAY?"

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(861) Closing SAT. Aug. 6 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d — Signed _____ Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(861) Closing SAT. Aug. 20 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Signed _____ Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(861) Closing SAT. Aug. 20 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(861) Closing SAT. Aug. 20 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. — Signed _____ Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 861, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete

AUNT BOVRIL SANDWICHES

GRAND-MA?

How to make a Bovril Sandwich

Because Bovril is so highly concentrated, spread it very thinly on the bread and butter. When the bread is sliced very fine for dainty tea-time sandwiches be extra sparing of the Bovril. One teaspoonful of Bovril is enough to make twelve sandwiches.

Another delicious and sustaining sandwich is a Bovril-and-egg sandwich, very easily made with slices of hard-boiled egg and Bovril spread in the usual way.

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